

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

VOL. V.—FEBRUARY, 1858.—NO. II.



MARTHA WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

THE venerated forms of our Revolutionary sires are fast receding behind us. Of the kerchiefed matrons and white-haired patriarchs, who, not many years since, filled the seat of honor in so many of our homes, how few remain! How few are left who heard the boom of the first gun at

Lexington, or caught with swelling hearts, the clear, jubilant peal of Independence Bell, as it rung out *Liberty* to all the people. When wintry winds howl around the farm-house, and snow-drifts blanket the windows, who narrates to eager grandchildren imprisoned within, the fearful story

of the camp at Valley Forge? What feeble and palsied hand still among us vaunts having led forth the gentle dames of the Republican Court, in the stately minuet, and what aged matron loves to linger with a pleasing vanity on the olden time, when she danced in the moonlight with the gallant Frenchman? We have just laid the beloved forms of Mrs. Madison and Mrs. Hamilton in the grave, and soon there will not be upon the face of the earth, a single man or woman, who can say with a just pride, "I have seen Washington."

It becomes us, while the last of the Revolutionary heroes still linger with us, to glean again and again the fruitful fields of their memories, and gather the sheaves into the sure garner of written history, winnowing not too severely, for the straw and chaff of to-day, will be sacred in the eyes of our posterity. We have no new features to present in the life of Martha Washington; but it is good to stand often before the portraits of our ancestors, the fair and gentle, as well as the stern and mail-clad, to learn what elements both of strength and grace, were, molded into our young republic.

Martha Dandridge, destined to appear so conspicuously in the annals of her country, was born in New Kent Co., Va., May, 1732. Her family was ancient and honorable; and it was noticeable that all the connexions of Washington, near and remote, belonged to the patricians of the land. Martha is first introduced to us, as a favorite belle at the court of Gov. Dinwiddie. Her youth, beauty, and fascinating manners, drew around her a large circle of admirers, among whom were many sons of aristocratic families, suitors for her hand. She gave the preference to Daniel Parke Custis, and was married to him at the age of seventeen. The union was as happy as it was brilliant. Col. Curtis was a fine specimen of a Virginia gentleman, a man of honor, integrity, and refined tastes. He bore his beautiful bride to his plantation,

where she proved by her excellent management, mere girl as she was, no poor toy for the drawing-room.

Four children crowned this union, two of whom died young, and were speedily followed by their father. Thus at the age of twenty-four, Mrs. Custis was thrice bereft — was left alone with two tender babes, and the sole management of a large estate. Many eyes were soon turned upon the young mistress of the "White House," (name prophetic;) many well-born gentlemen, looked enviously on her broad and fertile meadows, and counted over and over her vested funds. But the suits of none prospered, and it was not till Col. Washington, then in the flush of his first success, addressed her, that she could be persuaded to lay aside the weeds of widowhood. Irving describes their first, accidental interview; after premising, that the young soldier, while on military business of urgent haste, was captured by a Mr. Chamberlayne, in whose family Mrs. Custis was staying, and carried home almost forcibly to dinner, he says: "The dinner, which in those days was an earlier meal than at present, seemed all too short. The afternoon passed away like a dream. Bishop was punctual to the orders he had received on halting; the horses pawed at the door; but for once, Washington loitered in the path of duty. The horses were countermanded, and it was not till the next morning, that he was again in the saddle spurring for Williamsburg."

The gallant Colonel pushed his suit with a soldier's directness, and soon it was whispered, that bridal preparations on a magnificent scale were going on in the widow's mansion. On the 6th of January, 1759, a brilliant assemblage, gathered from the elite of Virginia, assisted at the marriage. "Much (says a historian) hath our biographer heard of that marriage from gray-haired domestics, who waited at the board where love made the feast, and Washington was the guest. And rare and high was the revelry at

that palmy period of Virginia's festal age; for many were gathered at that marriage, of the good and great, the gifted and the gay, while Virginia, with joyous acclamation, hailed in her youthful hero a prosperous and happy bridegroom.

Mrs. Washington accompanied her husband soon after, to that home over which she presided for nearly half a century. Mt. Vernon was not then the palatial mansion it afterward became. It contained but four rooms on the ground floor, and, although amply large for Washington in his bachelor days, was quite strait enough for the guests who trooped in true southern style, to welcome his accomplished wife.

The colonel immediately set about the adornment of his house and grounds. Six busts, "two wild beasts not to exceed twelve inches in height," and "sundry small ornaments for chimney-piece," were ordered from Europe; also shrubbery not indigenous here. Mrs. Washington had her chariot, with servants in white and scarlet liveries. Seldom did they sit down at their beautiful board, without guests, often the royal governor, or some high military personage.

The most perfect system reigned at Mt. Vernon. Washington, the most methodical, accurate, and punctilious of men, was never annoyed by disorderly domestic arrangements. Mrs. Washington arose with the dawn, and managed to make a general inquisition of the house, while her guests were still wooing their pillows, never soiling the exquisite neatness of her light, flowing dress, though she was no stranger to the kitchen and store-room. After breakfast, it was her invariable rule to retire to her room and spend an hour in private devotions. It was in daily communion with her God, that this Christian mistress and mother learned to possess her soul in quietness, and to maintain that unruffled serenity for which she was so remarkable.

Mrs. Washington devoted herself

very faithfully to her two surviving children. They were the sunshine of Mt. Vernon. It is amusing to find among the Cheshire cheeses, white biscuits, caps and tuckers, ordered from London on one occasion, these items: for Master John Custis, six years old, "six little books for children beginning to read," and "ten shillings' worth of toys;" also, for Miss Patty Custis, four years old, "one fashionable dressed baby," to cost ten shillings. This "Patty" was a babe at her father's death, and grew into a peculiarly fair and graceful girl. By her sweetness of disposition, she won strangely on the stern nature of her adopted father. By rank, fortune, and personal charms, she had seemed predestined to the brightest lot of all Virginia's daughters; but just when the promise of her girlhood was ripening, she was cut down. Then it was that Washington, all unused to the melting mood, knelt by the bedside of the dying girl—the fountains of his heart all broken up—and poured forth agonizing prayers for her restoration.

Bereaved again and again of her idols, the sorrowing mother rested her love on her only remaining child, John Parke Custis. She could not bear to deny him any thing which his soul craved, and often allowed him irregular indulgencies, which the more judicious foster-father could not sanction. With his best efforts he could never carry his ward through a systematic education, suitable to his position and fortune. By Washington's influence, the boy was not taken from school and sent on his European travels when he was scarcely sixteen. About a year after, a new diversion arose. Young Custis was in love—engaged—and only waited his father's consent to bring a bride to Mt. Vernon. The match was suitable enough, but premature; and, as even the cautious guardian could not but acknowledge "Miss Nelly's amiable qualities," the young lovers, after an unlooked for constancy of mor

than three years, were married. During the war, Col. Custis was Gen. Washington's aid-de-camp, and his wife and four little ones, resided at Mt. Vernon, mitigating greatly the loneliness of Mrs. Washington by their cheerful society. Just after the surrender of Cornwallis, the gallant Colonel fell a victim to a malignant fever, and expired in the arms of his mother. But we anticipate. After sixteen years of such wedded happiness, as does not often fall to one human lot, Mrs. Washington surrendered her husband to her country. During the whole Revolution, he never once visited the home he loved so much. But the wife might well be content, who received such assurances as this: "I should enjoy more real happiness in one month, with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years."

Mrs. Washington was not idle during this long absence. Besides much additional care of the estate, she constantly superintended sixteen spinning-wheels, and the corresponding labors of the loom. She once showed a friend two home-made dresses of cotton, striped with silk, the stripes being woven from "the ravelings of brown silk stockings and old crimson damask chair covers." It was her patriotic pride, when her husband became chief magistrate, to attire him in a complete suit of home-spun. She was always a careful economist, liberal in hospitality and charity, but never permitting wastefulness in her large household.

Mrs. Washington was accustomed to say that "she had heard the first cannon at the opening, and the last at the closing of all the campaigns of the Revolution." As soon as the General took up winter quarters, it was her habit to join him, and remain until spring. It must not be supposed, that these annual journeys to the American camp, although they were attended by such royal and affectionate demonstrations as made them

often triumphal, partook at all of the character of a modern pleasure trip. Performed usually in early winter, over frozen mud roads by slow stages, for the General would never suffer his favorite carriage horses to be overdriven, they must have surely tasked the patience of her, who was waiting to embrace husband and son.

Nor did this patriotic woman find in the log-huts of Morristown and Valley Forge, the elegant comforts to which she had been accustomed from infancy. But little did she repine so long as her presence could win smiles from the grave brow of Washington, and soothe his chafed and anxious heart. Mrs. Ellet's Reminiscence of her winter at Morristown will show how cheerfully she bore her discomforts. Her husband, wishing to make her as comfortable as possible, had secured two raw apprentices to finish off a private room for her in the loft of his rude dwelling.

"She came," says one of these boy carpenters, "into the place—a portly-looking, agreeable woman of forty-five, and said to us, 'Now, young men, I care for nothing but comfort here; and should like you to fit me up a beaufet in one side of the room, and some shelves and places for hanging clothes in the other.' We went to work with all our might. Every morning about eleven, Mrs. Washington came up stairs with a glass of spirits for each of us; and, after she and the General had dined, we were called down to eat at their table. We worked very hard, nailing smooth boards over the rough and worm-eaten planks, and stopping the crevices in the walls made by time and hard usage. We then consulted together how we could smooth the uneven floor, and take out or cover over some of the huge black knots. We studied to do every thing to please so pleasant a lady, and to make some return in our humble way for the kindness of the General. On the fourth day, when Mrs. Washington

came up to see how we were getting along, we had finished the work, made the shelves, built the beaufet, and converted the rough garret into a comfortable apartment. As she stood looking around I said, 'Madam, we have endeavored to do the best we could; I hope we have suited you.' She replied, smiling, 'I am astonished! Your work would do honor to an old master, and you are mere lads. I am not only satisfied, but highly gratified by what you have done for my comfort.'

But we must not imagine that the company gathered almost daily within the poor apartments of Mrs. Washington, during these dreary winters, was rude and unpolished. The gallant Rochambeau, and chivalrous Kosciusko, found high converse and gentle curtesy at her table, though they missed the sparkling wines and epicurean viands of other days.

But chiefest and most sacred among the friendships formed at this time, was that with wives of the officers; and a noble company they were, each one worthy of her lord and country. Ungrateful shall we be, when we forget to celebrate those heroic dames, who yearly made toilsome pilgrimage to the patriot camp, to share the dangers and sufferings of our war-chiefs, and inspire hearts often ready to faint, by their own prophetic courage. There was that in the demeanor and conversation of these women, and of their sisters throughout the land, which put to shame the vaunt of Burgoyne, that "he would dance with the ladies, and coax the men to submission."

We learn, that Mrs. Washington did not occupy herself wholly with the amenities of social life. Like the Ann Judsons, Lady Sales, and Florence Nightingales of blessed renown, she visited the sick and wounded soldiers, and performed those soothing ministries which only a woman can render. She was a universal favorite in camp; her arrival was a sign for general gladness, and heartfelt benedictions

arose from many watch-fires when the name of good "Lady Washington" was uttered. A cotemporary thus describes her person at this time: "She is about forty, or five and forty, rather plump, but fresh and of an agreeable countenance."

It must have been an exquisite moment in the life of Martha Washington, when, after an absence of nine years, she welcomed her husband victorious to his beloved home. He came back with added furrows in his cheek, and many more threads of silver in his hair, but he wore such an amaranth as never before bound a conqueror's brow. He who refused to be Cæsar, came home, to forget his fame in the arms of his family. We love to fancy that hour; — Washington at home — his grand-children, some of whom he could never have seen, prattling around him — the old servants coming with proud delight to shake hands with their beloved master — the visits of recognition to his noble steeds and old familiar spots. There were jubilant thanksgivings ascending to the Prince of Peace on that memorable Christmas-day, from many devout hearts, but none more fervent than those of George and Martha Washington.

Long had the re-united pair anticipated the time when they "should be suffered to grow old together in solitude and tranquillity." It seemed now to have arrived. Washington returned to his old pursuits — tilling fields, fattening herds, and adorning grounds as aforetime. Within doors, his comely lady presided over his enlarged establishment, with the old energy and grace. So laborious had her duties become, that we find her ever-thoughtful husband seeking a housekeeper to relieve her "from the drudgery of ordering and seeing the table properly covered, and things economically used."

After six years of such rest as those only who have worn the public yoke can enjoy, Washington was again called by his country, to take up his

burden. During the eight years of his Presidency, his faithful wife was by his side. Her position was one of peculiar delicacy. It devolved upon her, with the President, to establish the social usages of the government. They had no precedents to guide them, for such a Republic as the American had never existed. They were to establish an etiquette, not stately and punctilious like that of European Courts; nor, on the other hand, too democratic; but sufficiently imposing to give dignity to the Presidential mansion. Washington and his lady arranged the ceremonials of their social life with admirable discretion,—nobody dared trespass the bounds of decorum in *his* presence, nobody could help being cheerful in *hers*.

The annals of the first Republican Court have been often written. Even foreigners commended the ease and grace, with which Mrs. Washington filled her high position. The state dinners did not disgrace her taste, or the vaunted skill of Hercules the cook.

In 1797, Washington, venerable in years, and laden with glory, returned finally to the bosom of his family. The simple and tranquil dignity of his last days, were such as poets love to sing. The scarred companions of his victories came and went as they listed through his hospitable doors. "The wise men of the East" laid their homage at the feet of the incorruptible Hero; and the grateful peans of a filial nation, rocked him to his final rest.

Kneeling by his motionless remains, and looking upon that majestic countenance, Mrs. Washington found strength to say, "'Tis well; all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through." She had indeed survived all her family; five graves had opened to receive her dead, and nothing now remained for her, but to lie down by their side. Earth had crowned her name with immortal renown; it could do nothing more, and she desired to make what haste she

could, to rejoin her departed in another country. The two years that Mrs. Washington tarried in widowhood, were like the still close of an autumn day, thoughtful, but not sad. She omitted no accustomed duty, neglected no wonted act of Christian courtesy. In the year 1801, she gently expired.

If any mother, since the virgin of Judea laid her babe in the manger, deserves to be esteemed happy, that mother is Marty Washington. Other sons have lived virtuously, and wrought manful and illustrious deeds, but to whom, like our Washington, have strength, and will, and opportunity been given, to enlarge the birth-right of Freedom on the earth? If any wife should be saluted as "fortunate," that wife is Martha Washington. The daughter was not indeed pre-eminent in those severer qualities, in which the mother so much resembled the noble matrons of antiquity; but she had those sweet graces and amenities, which enabled her to soften the austere character of her husband. She was born to be the companion, not the parent of a hero; and as such, this chaste, delicate and true woman, forms the fit complement to the glory of Washington.

THE London News, speaking of the cost of ladies' dresses, says: "We take this mischievous—almost fatal—extravagance in female dress, to be one result of continental despotism. All forms of fantastic luxury, signalize the reign of despotism everywhere, naturally, and to the satisfaction generally of the despot. Nothing is so alarming to absolute rulers, as to see their people too much occupied by the most important interests of human life, to care for more superficial excitements; and nothing pleases such rulers more, than to see the whole public bent upon pleasure, and exercising their wits in a contest of extravagance."

THE RUSSIAN LOTTERY TICKET.

STATE lotteries have been called, and, we think, with justice, "gambling institutions." Their principles are undoubtedly those of the hazard table, and their effects in all countries have been to foster an improvident yet avaricious spirit, and a superstitious dependence on luck, which injure alike religion and morality. Examples of their evil working are, unfortunately, too abundant throughout Europe; and in our own country the state lotteries are also amply productive of evil. In Russia the institution flourished, and on one occasion was — no thanks to the vicious system — the accidental, or more properly speaking, the providential means of rewarding a deed of kindness, which we now proceed to detail, altering the circumstantial, though not the essential facts of the case.

Toward the end of the last century, when the Empress Catharine, commonly called the Great, was making war on Turkey, building the marble palace, and setting an example of lavish expenditure and bad morals to her Russian capital, there stood in the province of Libau a certain poor village named Vetski. Like most of the rural villages in Russia, Vetski had one long street of cottages built of trunks of the trees laid one upon another, plastered with clay, thatched with hemp and reeds, and standing each in its own yard, enclosed by a rude timber fence, all but the gable-end, in which was the entrance door. At one end of the street stood a church, also of wood, with a copper vane and a cemetery full of crosses. At the other stood the hof, in build resembling the cottages, but very much larger, rising to two stories, and supplemented by a porch, a court-yard, and the great granary; for there should have dwelt the Lord of Vetski. Round the whole village lay fenceless and half-cultivated fields in the midst of a plain, bounded on the south by a

forest of birch and pine, and seemingly without limits in every other direction.

As commonly happens in Russian villages, all the inhabitants followed one calling. Nobody but coopers had lived there since the church and the hof were built, but one Leof, a shepherd, whom the boyar brought with him from the south to look after his Saxony sheep, and he died three years after, leaving a son and a widow.

Small communities — especially in secluded situations — are apt to have characteristics of their own; and it was so with the coopers of Vetski: far and wide they were known for a closeness of hand and society exceedingly unlovely. The traveling merchants, who bought their wares and supplied them with necessaries, were men from their own village. Their priests had succeeded each other regularly — father and son. They were all related in some degree; and it was popularly said that a stranger would have no chance of room in their church-yard. These good people had regarded Leof with no friendly eyes; first, because he was not a cooper; secondly, because he came from the borders of Lithuania; and thirdly, because they thought their boyar unduly favored the stranger. In the last cause of dissatisfaction Leof and his family had little reason to rejoice. Count Vetskinhoff belonged to a class of noblemen by no means rare at the court of the great czarina. Vetski, with some leagues of the neighboring plain and forest, the old timber hof, and, of course, all the coopers, constituted his estate; but his ambition was to lead the *ton* of St. Petersburg, and he was foremost in every thing foreign and fashionable. The Saxony sheep had been a movement in that direction. The flock was purchased, and a shepherd, who chanced to be a free peasant, brought, with fine promises and great condescension, from his home on the banks of the Niemen; but the winter of that northern plain was too hard for the sheep; they began to pine, and the

count forgot them, as by that time he had married one of the czarina's maids of honor, and required a still more expensive establishment in St. Petersburg. To meet that demand, the old family hof was shut up, all the household retainers summoned to the capital, and, except once a year, when a steward came at the end of summer to get his lord's dues, no sight or sound of their master reached the coopers. Thus left out of mind, the Saxony flock grew thinner every winter. Their poor shepherd tended them night and day, hoping the count would remember his services, till at last a fever, caught in searching for two lost lambs which the wolves had carried off, brought him to the church-yard, where, contrary to popular opinion, he found a grave. His wife, Anna Ivanoua — Anna, the daughter of John, as her Christian and surname ran in Russian fashion — had come with him from among her people and kindred, after what neighboring peasants considered a rather tedious wooing, when Leof's prospects had become brilliant through the patronage of Count Vetskinhoff.

Anna's dowry consisted of a spinning-wheel, a Polish cow, and a pewter teapot. She had, besides, a dowry of good looks, being ruddy, fair, and flaxen-haired; and, better than all these, Anna was kindly, prudent, and, according to her imperfect light, pious. Though overwhelmed with sorrow when poor Leof died, she contrived to live on among the coopers in her now lonely cottage, and rear her infant son, also named Leof, with the help of the spinning-wheel and the Polish cow; for these were, under Providence, the widow's only support. The steward sent the remnants of her husband's flock to his uncle's farm on the Dnieper, saying, the count had made little profit by that business; but Anna might keep the cottage and pay dues for it, till a better tenant turned up. Happily nobody of that kind appeared; but the dues were a heavy burden, especially in hard winters.

They were paid, however, and herself and son honestly maintained till little Leof's seventh birthday, when there occurred the heaviest snow storm ever remembered in Vetski.

It was the middle of October; winter was not quite expected; but seasons are apt to change with sudden haste in the north. The day had been cold and gloomy, and toward evening fierce blasts began to sweep the plain and forest, driving before them masses of heavy clouds, which gradually left no trace of daylight, but a lurid glare in the west. Well did the villagers know these signals of the tempest, and every family prepared, as best they could, for a long stay within doors. The cattle were secured in their winter-quarters at the rear of each cottage; large supplies of firewood were carried in, and the coopers bade each other good-night as they retired into their homes, where every stove was heated, and every door was made fast. With the night, down came a perfect deluge of snow, such as more southern climates seldom see — thick and fine, and frozen as hard as sand; it came on the blast in one continuous drift, closing up every window and crevice, till the villagers could hear, but no longer see the storm.

Anna had carefully brought in her Polish cow. Little Leof had helped to carry in firewood, and now sat by the stove watching with no small interest the baking of a barley-cake, which, together with a piece of hard cheese and a mess of salted cabbage, was to furnish a more than common supper. Both mother and child had worked hard and eaten little that day. The winter was come, but they had provisions; and Anna was telling the small but intelligent boy how thankful they should be; when, in the pause of the storm, she heard a loud knocking at one of the village doors, and a man's voice crying, "Good Christian people, let me in from the snow; I am an officer on my way to serve the czarina."

No one opened; and at door after

door she heard the traveler knock, now with entreaties for the sake of charity, then with threats of his own and the czarina's vengeance; but the strong doors stood firm, and the coopers remained silent. Anna was no stranger to the character of her neighbors. She knew their habitual churlishness would be just then fortified by the conviction that whatever dwelling the traveler entered, there he was likely to remain storm-stayed for a considerable time. She was a poor and lonely widow; the stranger might be a wandering robber, an escaped criminal, an evil man of any sort; but he would be frozen; no living thing could long abide that drift; and, without another thought, she placed the lighted splinter, which served for a candle, in her horn lantern, unbarred the door, and called through the driving tempest, "Come! here is shelter."

Her call was answered by what at first seemed a moving mass of snow, but on nearer approach proved to be a man and a poor benumbed horse, which he led along by the bridle. Little Leof came valiantly out to help, but the blast drove him in; and by the joint exertions of Anna and his master, the poor horse, a beautiful Ukraine, was relieved from his cold covering, and comfortably installed beside the Polish cow, with the best barley straw the cottage afforded by way of fodder. The door was once more barred, and with many expressions of gratitude to the widow, and wrath to the rest of the villagers, the traveler proceeded to divest himself of a light riding-cloak, which must have proved a poor protection from the storm, thereby revealing an officer's uniform, with a supply of gold lace and cambric ruffles, which would have told a more skillful eye than Anna's that he belonged to the same expensive and fashionable school as her long-absent landlord. The widow only perceived that he must be some great nobleman; that he was young and handsome, and had, in spite of his weariness,

a gay, good-natured, thoughtless look. She could not presume to ask so fine a gentleman any questions; but accepting her humble invitation to the best seat beside the stove, he told her that he was a captain of hus-sars on leave of absence to visit his uncle, who lived on his estate in the north, and having almost oversteaid the prescribed time, hunting and shooting with his country cousins, he had taken a short way across the country, hoping to reach St. Petersburg in time to join his regiment before they marched against the Turks.

Anna listened with reverence as she set the supper before him. The widow had never heard so much of the great world, nor had the captain before sat down to such an entertainment. The rough earthen dish of cabbage, flavored in honor of the unexpected guest, a trencher containing the barley-cake and the hard cheese, a drinking horn of quass, (the smallest beer of Russia,) a wooden platter, a spoon, and an old knife were placed on the low, uncovered table, which stood a fixture in the middle of the cottage room. A blazing splinter of pine in the tall wooden candlestick, showed its humble furniture; the bed, covered with a scarlet blanket, and generally reserved for ornament — for straw on the top of the large stove served for family use; the wooden cistern with its two spouts suspended by leathern ropes over a great tub; a low bench, a stool or two, a shelf containing the pewter teapot, and certain utensils of almost equal value; the well-employed spinning-wheel; and in a niche, with a horn lamp burning before it, one of those rude pictures of the Saviour, which the unlettered peasants of Russia are apt to behold with superstitious, rather than pious regard. Anna was one of the few who better understood the meaning of the symbol. She had no Bible, and, like most of her class, never learned to read; but the priest of her native parish had been earnest and laborious beyond the

generality of his brethren in the north, and the widow had profited by his simple sermons. Their practical fruits were shown on the present occasion, though in a rustic fashion. The good woman responded to the wistful looks of her little hungry Leof by giving him his private share on a low stool in the corner, and then, leaving the board to the great stranger, retired to eat her own supper off a trencher in her lap, according to the code of good manners in which she had been instructed. The captain's noble associates in hof and garrison would have been astonished to see the justice he did such fare; but fourteen hours' traveling and a snow storm are apt to equalize viands, and Anna felt no little pleased to hear him say that he had supped like a czar. The cottage contained three apartments opening from each other — the room of general service, which has been described; the granary, in which every thing, from barley straw to salted cabbage, was laid up for the long winter; and the cow-house, now doubly tenanted. When the widow had made things look neater than usual, she wished the stranger a good night's rest, and retired with her little boy to say their prayers, and sleep in the granary, comforting herself with the reflection that though it was cold, she would be at hand to give the poor horse and cow straw during the long night.

The long night disappointed the expectations, or rather the fears of the coopers. In its course the storm gradually changed to a clear, keen frost, which by sunrise made the deep snow hard enough for sledge traveling. Quietly the widow prepared a breakfast for her still sleeping guest; and when at last she woke him, the young officer rose a joyful man to find that he could pursue his journey; for, though Anna had no sledge to lend, she knew there might be one hired among her neighbors, and the officer said he was willing to pay. It rather surprised the widow that he made so little way with the cabbage and hard

cheese, compared with his doings the night before; but the man was impatient to go, and, though all the coopers were now up, there was some trouble in getting a sledge among them — every vehicle of the kind being the joint property of two or three families; and the officer was obliged to pay them all. Anna felt terrified for his finances when she saw the number of kopecs (a coin somewhat less in value than a cent,) given to young Peter, two paper roubles made over to stout Ivan, and a whole silver one sacrificed to the leathern wallet of old Feodore — such being the familiar designation of each proprietor. Half amused, half angry, the officer called them knaves, and took the sledge for his journey.

"I will come back a Colonel," he said, "when we have conquered the Turks; and if they ever take your son for a soldier, let him inquire for me. My name is Demetrius Orloff."

"Noble sir," said Anna, "I hope they will never take my son for a soldier. I have nothing in the world but him; and — don't be angry — but there is little good learned in the army. Besides, the Turks might kill him."

"Never fear my good woman," said the gay young officer, as he helped to harness his own horse, whose Ukraine spirit was rising again in spite of the barley straw. "They won't take your son; but you have been kind to me;" and he pulled out his purse once more. There was not much in it. Anna would have considered it inhospitable to take a kopec in any case; but after his expense for the sledge, it seemed perfect robbery.

"No, no!" she cried. "Noble sir, you wouldn't put an affront upon me before all the coopers, and I a stranger and a widow here."

The officer was puzzled, for he saw the widow was in earnest. Moreover, he was in haste, and, pulling out what seemed to Anna a card of bright, red pasteboard, with strange signs and

figures on it, he said, "Well, keep this; it may be of use to you. Nothing of the kind ever turns out lucky in my hands;" and urging his horse away, he drove over the plain like one to whom time was precious.

Anna stood wishing him a good journey till he was out of sight, and then turned to look at the card, on which little Leof had fixed his wondering eyes. She had seen Polish gypsies telling fortunes with such things, and heard that noblemen in St. Petersburg lost and gained money by them. Though a sensible woman, Anna's opportunities of learning had been too limited to raise her entirely above the superstitions of her people; she therefore concluded that the card must be a charm, which would bring good to the cottage, and she stitched it with the figures up, on the center of the scarlet blanket which covered that ornamental bed, as the most respectable place of deposit.

* * * * *

The passing of twelve years brings many a change in the world, but still time jogs on at a slow and sober pace in Russian villages; and it was particularly so among the coopers of Vetski. There had been births and burials; but the passing traveler could detect few traces of change or improvement there. The cottages still stood, rough and-weather beaten; the fields were half-cultivated, yet the hof was inhabited; for Count Vetskinhoff now resided in it with a discontented countess, and a still more dissatisfied retinue. The steward said he had left court on account of a disappointment in the great lottery. What a lottery was, nobody in Vetski knew; but as the dues were more sharply looked after than ever, the coopers thought it had something to do with lost money. They never saw their boyar, except on his Hungarian horse after the wolf hounds; yet it was a well-ascertained fact, that, when not hunting, Count Vetskinhoff was always out of humor about some un-

lucky chance which he and the countess said they had lost in St. Petersburg. Within the widow's cottage there were greater changes. The little Leof had grown up a tall, muscular youth of nineteen, able to pay her dues by working on the count's land, to cultivate a crop for home consumption, and to hew firewood in the forest without fear of bears. Leof had his father's fair face and yellow curling hair. He had the same strong arm, honest and faithful disposition. Anna had brought him up well, for there was not a better son in the province; and now, as the decline of life drew on, her earthly hopes began to rest on the youth, somewhat as they had rested on her lost Leof. In their hard work and solitary life the mother and son had grown to be companions. True it was that as their estate improved to the extent of two cows, besides barley, flax, and cabbage ground, the coopers so far relaxed their hereditary laws against aliens, that the stout Ivan demanded the widow's hand in marriage, and the old Feodore required to have her son betrothed to his eldest daughter; but these overtures had been civilly rejected, and the code was re-established in a more than ancient severity, Leof and his mother being henceforth considered guilty of an affront to the whole cooper community. Offended pride, which has done such deadly work in camps and palaces, found scope for mischief even in Vetski. Had things gone well, and the count and steward remained silent, our tale might have been different; but many troubles came at once on the widow.

As sometimes happens in the north, the summer had been so warm that streams and brooks had been dried up, and the flax on which Anna's spinning-wheel depended, utterly failed. A worse consequence of that drought was an epidemic among the cattle of Libau. Every proprietor lost some; and, in spite of her own and her son's utmost care, Anna's two cows sickened and died. Still they had the

barley, and might have weathered the winter, though the widow's strength was not what it had been; over-exertion to save the flax and cows had left her weak and sickly; but, in an evil hour, the count projected a wooden bridge to span a certain rivulet flowing through his fields. To that work the peasants were summoned as usual, and among them Leof. The steward was surveyor general, and his special pride was the engineering knowledge he had acquired in St. Petersburg. Moreover, his chosen system was that of hurry and half doing. Leof knew nothing about bridges; but he thought the supporting piles were not sunk deep enough in the bed of the stream, which, though then shallow, was apt to run strong and high with spring and autumn rains, and he honestly said so.

"Oh, he is a judge of work!" cried his cooper companions. "What a wise young man! He knows better than the steward, who has seen all the bridges of Neva, and our boyar, who has lived all his life in St. Petersburg."

Leof was a free peasant. His father and mother did not belong to the estate, and he bravely answered, "The steward and the boyar may do as they will; but the first flood that comes will let you see how much they learned from the bridges of Neva."

That reply, with sundry additions, was reported to the steward. The steward reported it to the count, and "the greater the truth, the greater the libel," was fully proved in this instance; for scarcely was the bridge finished when the continuous rain of the Russian autumn set in. The rivulet rose above all its banks, and on the following morning there was not a trace of the bridge to be seen. From that hour Leof was a marked man; and count, steward, and coopers soon found an opportunity of vengeance. Late as it was in the campaigning season, the great czarina required a new levy of troops to serve in the partition of Poland, and the

usual order was sent to all boyars to furnish their quota of peasants. Ten was the number charged upon Count Vetskinhoff; and in those days he could send either serfs, or free peasants who had been born on his estate. A mounted messenger brought the order late on Monday evening, and early on Tuesday morning Leof and his mother were awakened by a loud knocking at their door. Flinging on his sheep-skin coat, the young man opened it to the servant of the boyar, who desired him to come immediately, for he was wanted to do something particular at the hoff.

"What can it be, mother?" said Leof, as he hastily prepared himself for the unexpected honor.

"To cleave firewood, my son," said Anna, recollecting what well-squared logs he cut; "take your father's new hatchet with you. I have kept it scoured in one corner these twenty years; but one must have something fine when one works for great people."

Taking the treasured hatchet, Leof set forth. The widow had visions of advancement over all the coopers for him, as she prepared his breakfast; but the day wore on, and Leof did not return. There seemed to be a bustle in the village, but no one brought her news; and though scarcely able to spin, toward evening she crept up to the hoff. The great doors were closed, and all was quiet there; but on inquiring of the steward's boy, she learned that her son and nine others had been marched off under a strong guard of the boyar's retainers to the chief town of Libau, "where they were to be made soldiers."

The compulsory nature and harsh discipline of military service in Russia, renders it peculiarly terrible to the peasantry; and with her only son the poor and sickly widow had lost every thing. She knew there was no use in application to either the count or the steward. As a free peasant, they were not obliged to maintain her; and the management of the matter

showed but too plainly that her son had somewhat incurred their enmity. If she could find out Captain Demetrius Orloff, might not he do something? All the widow knew of him was, that he had gone to St. Petersburg; but she had no money or strength for that long journey. Broken-hearted, the lonely widow returned to her cottage. There was mourning in more homes than hers that day; but the days passed on, and the weather grew worse with the early storms of the winter, and Anna sat in her desolate grief, scarce caring or knowing how things went around her. One day, when the frost had come, and the sky looked brighter than usual, she had been praying in her own simple fashion for poor Leof, forgetting that the outer door was unbarred, when the sound of a sledge-bell was heard outside, and a muffled traveler pushing it open, asked, "Is this the cottage of Anna Ivanoua?"

"It is," said the widow, in great amazement.

"Then I bring you good news of your son Leof," said the traveler. "I am postmaster of Libau. His company stopped at my post-house, and he asked me if ever I came this way, to give you this hatchet."

"Oh, sir, is my boy well?" said Anna, taking the weapon of rustic toil, round whose shaft poor Leof had fastened a lock of his own yellow hair.

"Yes," said the postmaster, who, notwithstanding his many and complicated duties in a Russian province, was a just and kindly man; "your son looked wonderfully well, and bade me tell you not to grieve for him, for he would pray for you and fight for the czarina."

Anna's eyes filled; but at this moment she recollected the postmaster, being a great man, might know Captain Demetrius. To her joy he had known him; but almost immediately he added, "Do you not know he is dead these ten years? The captain fell in a great battle in Servia. How did you know him, my poor woman?"

"He came here in a snow storm one night," said Anna, "and gave me this charm," holding the blanket up for confirmation. Never had the postmaster of Libau looked so much astonished even at all the sights of his office. "It was a good charm, I'm sure, though we have been very unlucky at last," said Anna.

"A good charm indeed," said he, recovering speech. "My good woman, shut your door and, let me tell you that is the prize ticket of the great St. Petersburg lottery. It has won a clock which is thought one of the wonders of the world, and has been advertised for since I came into office. The clock is valued at eighty thousand roubles. So your fortune is made; but tell nobody, and keep the ticket safe till I write to St. Petersburg."

Without waiting for a reply, the postmaster sprang into the sledge, leaving Anna bewildered. All she understood was, that a great many roubles were to be got, and, of course, her son's freedom, by that charm; but, being a prudent, patient woman, she folded it up carefully inside the blanket, to await the result of her new friend's writing.

Write the good man did, a full account of the transaction to his superior at St. Petersburg, by whom it was evidently laid before the empress; and within a month, as Anna sat one evening at her spinning-wheel, wondering why no news had come, the whole village of Vetski was surprised by the arrival of a splendid sledge, in which sat two travelers. One was Leof, dressed in astonishingly fine clothes, and the other they called the great boyar; but he was a courier commissioned to present Anna with ten thousand roubles and an order from the empress, conferring on her an annuity of a thousand roubles for life, as purchase money for her long-kept charm, otherwise the prize ticket.

It is said that there never was such sorrow among the coopers as when

this story was made public; and each recalled to mind the knocking at their door in that terrible snow-storm. The widow and her son were henceforth no strangers among them. In short, they became great people in Vetski. In the marble palace of St. Petersburg, visitors still marvel at and admire the musical clock, formed like a miniature Grecian temple, and capable of playing some of the choicest compositions of Mozart and Haydn as if performed by two full orchestras; but the most remarkable for the story of its being won by the long-lost lottery ticket, which the postmaster of Libau recognized on Anna's scarlet blanket. *Reader, good and bad deeds are seeds*, whose fruit springs up while we sleep. Happy are they who cast bread upon the waters. It returns after many days.

RULING WIVES.

HOW admirable is the Divine arrangement of the family constitution! How wisely adapted to promote the happiness of mankind! Upon the husband are enjoined protection, tenderness, and love; upon the wife, reverence and subjection; upon the children, subordination, honor, and respect to parents. If the husband, the lawful head and governor of the household, exercises his authority in an arbitrary, unfeeling manner, or arrogates the control of matters which nature and propriety have assigned to the wife; if the wife, forgetting the duty of submission, seizes the reins, and attempts to bring every thing into subjection to her will; or, if the children, disregarding the command to honor and obey their parents, become wayward and vicious; — in either case, the happiness of the domestic circle is marred, if not wholly destroyed. Which of these cases most seriously affects the peace and enjoyment of the family, it is not necessary here to inquire. It is often said that the influence of the wife and mother,

is most powerful in molding the character of a family. Hence, if her influence, when well directed, is most productive of good, we may justly infer, that, when ill-directed, it is most potent for evil. Certain it is, that the violation of the duties of no other department is more revolting to a just sense of propriety.

A domineering wife has within herself the elements of misery. Of all the family, she is the most unhappy. The most despotic mistress can not always have her own way; and, as the duty of cheerful submission is repugnant to her nature, disappointments are extremely painful. The thwarting of her purposes or wishes in the smallest matter, makes her unhappy for days. Though all the family should submit to her rule, she would find in the imperfection of their service, a perpetual source of uneasiness and complaint. It is interwoven into the very nature of such persons, to scrutinize the conduct of others with the utmost vigor, and to be troubled by every act that does not square with their ideas of propriety. They regard no one as a true friend, who does not make the gratification of their wishes a paramount object.

These persons are generally censorious; and, being also naturally jealous and suspecting, they censure upon the slightest evidence, often unjustly. And this injustice is sometimes aggravated by a refusal to receive any explanation. A marked case once occurred in my presence. A husband was charged with a wrong; whether justly or not, I had not the means of knowing. He attempted to explain. The wife refused to listen, and endeavored to drown his voice by incessant clamor. Determined to be heard, he continued the attempt. Next he was commanded to "Be still!" but persisted in the fruitless effort to obtain a hearing, until she put an end to the contest, by abruptly leaving the room and closing the door, and thus gained the victory!

That there were in this house,

occasional "family jars," had been previously hinted to me, but without any intimation as to the party suspected of being the author of the discord. Nor will I say, that all the blame attached to one party. This, however, is certain: the injustice and tyranny exhibited in this case, and several others, which I witnessed during a two months' stay with my female friend, were sufficient to banish peace from any family circle.

I say injustice and tyranny; for, to force a person into an attitude of self-defense, and then to deny him a hearing, is not merely unjust, but tyrannical. Tyranny in a husband is bad; in a wife, doubly so. In the former, it is simply the abuse of the lawful right to govern; in the latter, not only an arbitrary and cruel exercise of power, but the usurpation of a power prohibited by express Divine enactment. The effect of such exhibitions in a family, especially in the presence of children, is easily imagined.

Again, such persons are opinionated. Whatever notions they entertain, they adhere to with pertinacity. Question the correctness of their opinions, and you incur their displeasure. All endeavors to convince them of their error, are unavailing; indeed, they will not allow their opinions to be brought to the test of reason. They will not hear an argument against a cherished opinion, as this might be deemed a virtual acknowledgment of her fallibility. I have seen a wife, in order to evade the force of an argument from her husband on a disputed point, escape from the room as unceremoniously as the lady just referred to, tauntingly charging him with ignorance as she ran from his presence. Now, by this bigotry, as I call it, she convicted herself of the very thing with which she reproached another. For an unwillingness to submit one's sentiments to a candid investigation, may be regarded as *prima facie* evidence of his being in the wrong. To persons of this character, the rebuke contained in the following old saying,

is hardly too severe. (I quote from memory, and may give it imperfectly :) "He that will not reason is a bigot; he that dares not reason is a coward; he that can not reason is a fool." Upon all points of family government and discipline, the husband and wife should be agreed. But in case of a difference of opinion, how can they expect to attain unanimity without candid discussion of the question? Even the wife, who is to yield, in case of final disagreement, is entitled to a respectful hearing in vindication of her opinions. Then how unbecoming a wife, to arrogate to herself infallibility of judgment, and to treat with contempt the opinions of him, whom she is bound to acknowledge as her superior in the family arrangements!

How far, then, it may be asked, may a wife concern herself in her husband's affairs? This question, the discretion and good sense of most women is sufficient to determine. It is certainly due to the wife, to be kept informed of her husband's business. As her interests are connected with his, it is not only proper, but it is his duty to consult with her in important undertakings; and generally it would not be advisable to engage in such enterprises, without her concurrence. But for her to concern herself about every little business transaction, or to direct him in his ordinary daily labors, is manifestly improper. Besides, such interference and dictation must be to him unpleasant and embarrassing. If he has to act under instructions, or to surrender his judgment to hers, he becomes *unmanned*, and is reduced to a most pitiable condition. Having lost his independence and his manhood, he loses with them, in a great measure, his own self-respect, as well as the respect of others; for the condition of such men is generally known, and made a topic of neighborhood conversation.

Another characteristic of ruling wives generally, is a complaining spirit. No other person's lot, they

imagine, is so hard as theirs. Nothing is made so much the subject of complaint, as the conduct of the members of their own families. While they indulge in the most severe and opprobrious language to others, they complain of any but the most studied and respectful expressions addressed to themselves. Though regardless of the wishes and feelings of others, they expect in return the highest regard for their own. They complain that they enjoy so little of the confidence and affection of others, and seem not to know that their conduct toward those of whom they complain tends to weaken that confidence, and estrange conjugal and filial affection. It would be strange, indeed, if such a course of life as has been described, should not abate the ardor of early love—that which, for the first few years, gave to domestic life a measure of enjoyment which no other earthly relation affords.

Now, the condition of such a family is truly deplorable. And the worst aspect of the case is, that there is little hope of a material change for the better; and, for the reason, that the chief author of the trouble, is ignorant of the true cause. Blinded by an impenetrable prejudice, she acquits herself of all blame. Every accident or misfortune is attributed to want of care or foresight on the part of others, or to a disregard of her counsels. Could such persons once see themselves as others see them, there would be hope of reformation. Or, if they but knew what is known of them beyond the pale of their own families, they might be led to suspect their fancied infallibility, and eventually to discover and correct their errors. Then what a change would be wrought in such families! They would be delivered from a bondage as galling as it is *unnatural*; the government would be restored to those to whom it constitutionally belongs; and a milder and better rule, we may hope, would be established. Instead of discord and confusion, peace and order would reign in these little

communities, and the several departments would move on harmoniously. Brawls, and chidings, and complainings would cease; and cheerful conversation would dispel the gloom which now overspreads every countenance, and animate and gladden the whole circle.

CYNTHIA.

MORALITY OF DIVORCES.—Speaking of the early Romans, Mr. Webster said that he could almost believe every thing related by historians of their extraordinary virtues, public and domestic, when he dwelt upon the fact, though their laws authorized divorce, yet, for the five hundred years, no individual ever availed himself of such a license! “It was the domestic training,” he said, “it was the mother who made a Publicola, a Camillus, and Coriolanus. Women, protected by the inviolability of the nuptial band, were invested with a dignity that gave authority to instruction, and made the domestic hearth the nursery of heroes. Public virtue fell with private morality. Under Imperial Rome, divorces were sought for, and obtained upon the most frivolous pretexts, and all domestic confidence was destroyed. The inevitable consequence was the loss of public morality. Men who had been false to their private obligations, would not be true to their public duties; Cæsar divorced his wife, and betrayed his country.

“The sanctity of the nuptial bond is, in my opinion, one of the principal, if not the chief cause of the superior refinement, freedom, and prosperity enjoyed at the present time by Christian nations.”

SPEAK gently, then, and reverently of your mother; and when you, too, shall be old, it shall in some degree lighten the remorse which shall be yours for other sins, to know that never wantonly have you outraged the respect due to your aged mother.

MY NEIGHBOR'S STEP-SON.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

CHAPTER III.

CITY BOYS.

"Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The punishment beyond the crime extend;
Or, after warning, the offense forget;
So God himself our failings did remit."

FATAL ERROR.

I HAD thought that I should say nothing to Jamie about his fault that night; he seemed so severely punished already. But it was of no use. There he lay, with the clear, brown eyes that had looked so trustingly in mine, ever since they first opened to the sunlight, turned studiously away from me. We had given him a warm bath immediately, and put him to bed, and I sat beside him with his little quivering hand in mine. I could see the restless eyes beneath their half-closed lashes, moving eagerly everywhere, except in my direction, yet taking note of nothing save the slight motions that I chanced to make, and I could feel the pulse that beat with fearful quickness, and the breath that came heavily through the parched lips, and see the worn look, on the thin blue-veined forehead, but as yet we had said nothing. I saw, however, that he could not sleep as he was then. He was a child of too delicate organization to go through such a day as that without the keenest suffering. I almost felt as if the introduction to a new world of evil which had been given him, had caused a shock severe enough to work its own cure. Yet I knew, that while his timid, nervous temperament gave him a greater horror of wrong in its dark development, it yet rendered him a much easier prey to the blandishments of the ill-disposed. For though he shrank, terrified, at the contemplation of crime, he was, nevertheless, too confiding to be readily suspicious of deception, and too yielding to resist it stoutly, when the first suspicion was revealed. There are many such natures—the most loveable in the world, and yet they need more

watchful guidance than almost any other, and if they fail to receive this guidance they are almost sure to fall.

"Shall I leave you so that you may sleep?" I whispered to him at last. He grasped my hand tightly in his, with an evident choking at the throat, but made no answer.

"Are you too tired to sleep?" I asked.

"No, mamma, not too tired," he replied, while his eye still avoided me.

"What is it then?"

"Oh, mamma! do you love me any yet?" said he, springing up suddenly into my arms and pressing his cheek to mine.

"Yes, my child, I shall always love you," said I, "but I hope my love will not often receive such a trial as this."

"Do you think God will forgive me?" he whispered.

"If you ask Him, with real sorrow for your fault, He will forgive you."

"But, mamma, *he* said that papa said we could go."

"What is there to forgive then, if you went with your parent's permission?"

"Did he say so?" asked Jamie eagerly.

"Let me ask you first, Jamie, whether you thought that he gave you permission to go. Did you seriously believe it?"

"No, mamma, I don't think I did," said he hesitatingly.

"Then why did you go?"

"He took me by the hand and couldn't get away."

"Couldn't?"

"Well, mamma, it wasn't easy to get away."

"Hartson did."

"Yes, but he had not got Hartson's hand, and he led me right on board the cars. How could I get away?"

"Do you really feel in your own heart that you were unable to get away? You are not to blame for doing that which it was impossible for you to avoid. It is best to look

your fault firmly in the face. Do not cover up any thing. Tell me just what you think. Was it your fault, or that of some other person, that you went to D. . . . to-day?"

"It was mine," said Jamie, with only a moment's hesitation.

"And was the flimsy falsehood this man told you, any excuse? You had every reason to suppose it was a falsehood."

"I should think such a tall man as that, would be ashamed to tell a lie."

"But you see that he was not ashamed of it, and the fact that he could do such a thing, should have made you the more anxious to avoid him. Perhaps if you think a little, you will see where your first fault was. The wrong step that gave you into improper hands, was taken before you went on board the cars—before any falsehood was told as an excuse for your going. Don't you know that it was?"

"In going up to the depot?"

"Yes, you had already disobeyed your parents. A darker spirit than that man's, had you by the hand; with your first step in disobedience, you had given your hand to the tempter, and when he once has it, it is not easy to get away. You know this?"

"Yes, mamma, but Hartson went to the depot."

"Is it any happiness to you, to know that your brother committed the same fault as yourself?"

"No, mamma, oh, no!"

"You are older than he, and ought to be his guide."

"But I never am, Hartson is a better boy than I."

I said nothing to this, but I knew in my heart that Hartson was not a better boy than Jamie—only stronger, but the strength to resist evil is the best of virtues in this world of ours; and parents can bestow no better gift upon their children, than the proper cultivation of this strength. Oh! that they would heed this. "I pray not that Thou should'st take them out of

the world, but that Thou should'st keep them from the evil," is a prayer that they should often utter. If we have taught them self-denial, such as will enable them to resist temptation from within, and that moral courage which is armed to war with the evil which assails them from without, we have given them that which is surer and better than life. I laid Jamie gently back upon his pillow. "Can you sleep now?" I asked.

"Papa has not kissed me good-night," said he restlessly.

"Have you asked God to forgive you?"

"No, mamma, but I will. Will papa come and speak to me first?" His father sat by him a few moments as he requested, and then we left him to himself, and at last he slept, but it was an uneasy, troubled sleep, and not long after we had retired, he woke us by a terrified cry which he uttered in his sleep. I went to him, but it was some moments before I could soothe him, for he had waked in a great fright, declaring that "They would kill each other." When he grew a little more quiet, I asked him what had frightened him so. He said he was dreaming of those men.

"What men?" I asked.

"Those men in the gambling-house, yesterday."

He had been in a gambling-house, then.

"Yes, and the men quarreled, and one drew a dirk upon another, and threatened to kill him, and then they all laughed and called me chicken-hearted because I hid my eyes."

Jamie was in a high fever, and before morning, we were obliged to send for a physician, who prescribed an opiate, and ordered him to be kept in bed for a few days. The next morning he was quiet and inclined to sleep; and I left him and took my usual seat by the library window. My call upon Mrs. Heber, the preceding day, had not impressed me with a desire to come in contact with any members of her family. I

was inclined to regret that I had called. My husband had decided that it was necessary to keep Jamie and Hartson entirely away from Wallace, and they were given to understand this. When Wallace chose the court for his playground, they were to leave it to his possession. I had not been seated many minutes at the window on this morning, before I observed Wallace loitering about the court, and looking in our direction, as if he were watching for some one. I thought it probable that he was waiting for Jamie and Hartson, with the intention of accompanying them to school; and, pushing open the blind so that he could see me, I sat watching his movements. He was within a few feet of the window, and when I opened the blind, he turned his back upon me, casting a glance at me over his shoulder as he did so, and there he stood with his usual defiant air. After a few moments he turned toward me again, as if he could endure my watchfulness no longer, and said, "You look as if you wanted to warn me off, but I believe—" and here he stopped as if his want of respect were not sufficient to complete the sentence he had begun.

"Yes," said I, understanding him, "You have as good a right here as any one. The only thing I claim is, that my boys shall not be here at the same time with you."

"Oh! they are not to come near me then," said he.

"I intend to see that they avoid as much as possible the company of such boys as lead them into mischief. That is right, is n't it?"

Somewhat to my surprise, he looked me firmly and frankly in the face and said, "Yes, ma'am, that is right."

"And you have led them into mischief, have you not?"

"I suppose I have," he replied with ill-assumed indifference. He moved off a few steps, and then turned back uneasily. "Is Jamie sick?" he asked.

It occurred to me at once that he

might have seen Hartson during the morning, and without answering his question, I said, "What made you think Jamie was sick?"

"Because there was a light in his room all night."

"You could not have slept very soundly if you saw it," said I. He dropped his head as if there were something to blush for, in the fact that he had not slept very soundly.

"Then he *is* sick," he said, grinding his heel into the sod, and casting a furtive glance from under the rim of his hat.

"Yes," I replied, "he has had a high fever all night, and was slightly delirious. We sent for a doctor toward morning."

"I thought so," said he, walking off with what seemed to me, a somewhat anxious look upon his features. "I shan't coax him to the races again," he called back when half across the court.

"No, I trust not," I said, confiding more in Jamie than in Wallace for this.

CHAPTER IV.

ROBERT.

"An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villian with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart,
Oh! what a goodly outside falsehood hath."

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

JAMIE rested quietly the greater part of the day, but Ellen, who was still weak, and who had been much excited by her brother's absence the preceding day, and with his illness during the night, fell in the afternoon into one of those nervous spasms which had troubled her so much at one time. Our family physician was again called, and remained with her two or three hours, until she had fully recovered and had fallen into a quiet slumber. It was near sunset when I entered the library again, and I once more saw Wallace lingering in the court. He approached when he saw that I noticed him, and asked if Jamie was worse. "Very much as he

was in the morning," I told him, wondering at the anxiety he seemed to manifest about him.

"I thought it was the doctor's carriage here so long," he said.

"Oh, yes!" I replied at this explanation. "Ellen is ill. He was called for her."

"It was not Jamie then?" he said, as if much relieved, and was turning away, but he did not appear quite satisfied, and came back. "Can I see Jamie for a minute?" he asked. I hesitated, somewhat surprised at this request after the conversation we had had in the morning, and he added, "I don't mind about your not letting them play with me. I won't trouble them. Only just—I want to speak to him this once. There's something I want to ask him."

"Very well," said I, without being at all able to explain why I was so strangely interested in the boy I was so anxious my own children should avoid. "Very well, Jamie is asleep now, but I think he will wake soon, and you can see him then if you like. You can come in here and sit till he wakes." I waited for him, as he complied with this permission, thinking that a boy who stole money from his father's till, was hardly a proper guest in my house, or a safe occupant of my library, and half regretting that I had given it; but the firm, easy tread with which he entered the house and came to me, had something in it to insure confidence. Surely the boy was not a thief. "Here are books," said I, "you can find something to read until he wakes."

"I can't read when my mind is full of something that bothers me," said he. "Who was it that told you yesterday that we had gone to D. . . .?"

"It was your brother."

"My brother!" he exclaimed in a tone that might have been surprised, or might have been indignant or contemptuous, I could not tell which.

"Yes, your brother, Robert Heber, came to me to inquire for you."

"Robert Heber! Don't call

him Robert Heber! He!" exclaimed Wallace, with hissing contempt.

"Isn't he your brother? Isn't his name Heber?" I asked, gazing at the burning red which had flashed into the boy's face.

"No, ma'am, no. He is nothing of the kind; I would change my name if it was like his," he said, with more emphasis than was really consistent with respect.

"I thought you were brothers," I said, still astonished at the violent passion the boy shewed at this error on my part. "What is his name if it is not Heber?"

"Ford—Robert Ford: the only son of his beloved mamma."

"A step-brother?"

"Yes, ma'am, I suppose so. At least he has *stepped* in where he was n't wanted."

"You speak very unkindly," said I. "He seemed anxious about you. He came here to ascertain where you were, and was ready to go for you."

"Yes, I dare say," said Wallace with the same stinging contempt. "He *was* anxious. He knew we were going to D. . . . a week ago. It was he that first put it into my head to coax Jamie and Hartson. I shouldn't have thought of it. No doubt he was uneasy. I thought he came to you. Something he let fall last night made me think so."

"But what could have been his motive?" I asked, not half as incredulous at this, as I thought I ought to be.

"I don't know," said Wallace; "something under the ground. Always is when he plays trumps. I don't know, nor care, I'm tired spending my time digging after a mole. His mining never comes to any thing as I can see, except to get me punished. That always does him as much good as it does me hurt, so I expect it's even somewhere. He don't seem quite satisfied this time though—something is wrong."

"I am sure there is some-

thing wrong with you, my boy," said I. "You have a step-mother it seems?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And, if I am not mistaken, you are allowing a bitter feeling toward her and toward her son, to drive you away from home, and into all manner of evil. Isn't this true?"

"Don't know," said he half sullenly. "No, not exactly. I ain't of any account any how. They've just stolen my father away from me, and they can have him. I don't care. I'd just as soon they'd make him think I'm the worst boy in the world, as not. I hated to have him stop being sorry though. I believe he's glad now."

"Glad because you are bad?"

"Yes, glad because it makes her so much happier."

"Do you love to believe such things?"

"No, but I must."

"I think you must believe them from your own choice. It is impossible that they are true."

"You may just as well think so, for you don't know but I do."

"Do you really believe that it is a pleasure to your parents to have you steal oranges, and run away to the races, and do such things, as you acknowledge you do?"

"I know that nothing can make my father very happy or very comfortable, except when she is pleased, and she is never so well pleased as when I have been punished, or am just going to be. So I do some good by getting into scrapes."

"But what do you think of pleasing God? the God that made you?"

"He did n't make me."

"Why do you speak that way?" said I, somewhat sternly.

"Because I don't think there is any God; but if there is, he did n't make me. If He had, he would take care of me. He would n't have taken my mother away from me, and then let my kind father fall into that sly woman's hands. I know He would not."

"You have no own brother or sister?" said I, looking at him with compassion.

"No! I had little Jamie, but he's dead."

"That was hard for you to lose your mother and brother, but —"

"No," said he, interrupting me, "I'm not sorry for Jamie, I'm glad he's dead."

"No," said I, looking searchingly into his face, for he seemed all the while struggling with the emotion he was ashamed to show. "You do not say what you mean; you are not glad that your brother is dead?"

"Yes, I am," said he resolutely. "He had better be dead than to live as I do. He could n't bear it. I can bear any thing. I was made to be bad; but poor little Jamie — I am glad God took him."

"You do believe there is a God then?"

"Oh! that's only my Sunday-school way of talking, as Fleury says. But if there is a God, Jamie is with Him."

"I trust he is," said I. "Have you ever been to Sunday-school?"

"Yes, ma'am, when my mother was alive."

"Do you remember your mother?"

"Yes, ma'am," said he, looking at me with his lips close shut, and a strange gleam in his eye, as if it were half way between defiance and the first glimmering of a tear. He seemed striving hard to cover up with the hirsute which his rough life had given him, all shew of that royal nature which still bore within the impress of his Maker, but these glimpses of a finer feeling would flash out in spite of him, like the glistening of the diamond which a prince might wear in his disguise.

"Did you love your mother?" — The look was more than half-defiant now, and the lips firmer shut, and he made no answer. But the look answered me.

"And don't you think she would be happier to have you continue in

Sabbath school? Would it not be following her wishes, and showing your respect for her memory to remain there?"

"I could n't go. I do n't want people to talk good things to me, when I know that every body is so bad. I should say bad things to the teacher, just as I am saying them to you. I do n't want to be talked to. Let me go?"

I had stood at the door during this conversation, for I was just about passing out, when it commenced, and as its interest deepened, I had lost sight of every thing except the boy before me.

"I thought you wished to see Jamie?" said I, stepping aside as he rose from his seat and came to the door.

"So I did," said he hesitating and looking down, as if his wish to see Jamie were something to blush for, "but I do n't want to be talked to. Who told you that I stole oranges?" he added, suddenly breaking out into his hirsute again. "Did Jamie?"

"He told me about the affair at Talcott's grocery. Do n't you think he ought to have told me?"

"Yes, if he liked," said he, coolly.

"But do n't you think it was right for him to do it? Wasn't it just what your mother would have wished you to do under the same circumstances?"

"Do n't talk to me about my mother." It was hard work for him to keep from breaking down now. "When my mother was alive," he continued, in a milder tone, "I had all the oranges I liked. My father used to bring them up from the grocery, and mamma would cut them up and give them to me and Jamie, and they loved to see us eat them and eat them with us; but it is n't so now. Mistress Sly has always been mad, when father brought me an orange or any thing else. She says they hurt me, and so he never brings them now."

"Did they hurt you?"

"Yes, always, when I ate them

where *she* was. But they do n't hurt me when I help myself. I've a right to them. They belong to my father, and he would rather I'd have them than not, if I only won't bother him about it. I know he had. Fleury says so. He says we must fight people with their own weapons. That's the only way in this cunning world, and if my father has a boy, he hopes he will be smart enough to take care of himself."

"Who is Fleury?"

"Why he's — Fleury — the one that went to D. . . . with us."

"Oh, that man! Is he a friend or relative of your family?"

"He! no, he's — I thought he was a Methodist minister at first. He told me he was."

"But is he?"

"I guess not," said he, with a queer flash in his eye, "I've heard him exhort at Methodist meetings though. He can talk first rate."

"He deceived you then, did he? Do you think he is a good adviser?"

"Yes, ma'am, he's the best friend I've got,— the only one. He always says pleasant things to me, and tells me how to get along in the world."

"I hardly think from your own account, that you get along very well in following his directions."

Jamie called me at this moment; and finding that he was awake, I took Wallace to his room and returned to the library, waiting till he left, that I might prepare Jamie for the night. After a few moments, I heard the door close, and thinking he had gone, I went to a linen closet for something I wanted, and was about to enter Jamie's room from another direction, when I perceived that Wallace was still there. He was sitting on the edge of the bed and holding Jamie's hand in his, apparently having remained in that position since he first entered the room. Just as I approached the half-open door, he stooped over the bed and spoke in a low tone. I saw at once that his errand had not been done, and was about to retreat, but his words arrested me.

"It was I that made you sick, Jamie," said he, "I am very sorry. I have been so afraid — afraid; — I wanted to ask you to forgive me. I don't ever want to make you so unhappy as you were yesterday at D...."

"It wasn't a good place to go, was it Wallace?" said Jamie, rubbing the boy's hand softly between both his own.

"It was good enough for me, Jamie, but not for you. I do n't wish you to go to such places. I liked you because you had the same name, and just such brown eyes as my little brother that died, but I would n't make you bad for the world. Your mother says, you must not play with me any more, and it's just as well, I'm not fit for you to play with. But I wanted you should know that I was sorry. Will you kiss me good-by?"

"Oh, Walla! Walla!" said Jamie, throwing both arms about his neck, and drawing his face down to his own, "don't be bad any more. You would be so happy if you would only be good, and not go to such places."

"No, Jamie, I could n't," said he, unclasping his hands, and raising himself, as if the thought stung him. "There's no way for me to be happy, and it's no matter what I am. I've no mother to be sorry for what I do, as you have. Don't tell her that I asked you to forgive me, will you, Jamie?"

"Not tell my mother?"

"No, don't tell her that."

"I like to tell my mother every thing, and I should like to tell her that very much."

"No, Jamie, don't tell her that. She will think,—she knows I am very bad, and she will think — will think it's like one of Robert's sly's. Please don't tell her, just this once."

"Well, I won't if you care so much, but I would like to tell her."

Wallace bent over the bed and gave him one silent embrace, and was gone.

I said nothing to Jamie about having overheard this conversation, but I pondered much upon it. My resolution, that Wallace should be denied access to my boys, was a good deal shaken, but I said nothing about it as yet, except to my husband. It seemed to me an obvious duty to try to draw him in among us; to entice him away from his evil courses, and to cultivate the good there was in him. But my time was very closely occupied, and he resolutely avoided us from this time, so that for some weeks I saw nothing of him.

One morning, just as the rose-leaves had begun to glow with red and yellow autumn hues, Ellen's bay window was again greeted by the white, still face of Robert Ford, who inquired anxiously if we knew any thing of Wallace. He was searching for him, he said, and came to us for information. No, we had known nothing of Wallace since the races. Ah! he seemed a little surprised at this, he had been with very bad boys, and he was afraid he had run away, he believed he had threatened it, and he was afraid he had gone. He should be very glad if it were possible to save him from making his parents so much trouble, and he left us. I was much occupied with company during the day, and mentioned this call of his to no one; but the next morning, as we were gathering in to the breakfast-table, Hartson said to Jamie, "I saw Wallace in the court last night. I hav n't seen him before for a great while." I had just been giving directions to two or three persons, and was somewhat absent at the moment, but the remark attracted my attention.

"Did you?" said I; "Uriah was here to inquire for him yesterday."

"Who, mamma?" said Hartson.

"Uriah, his step-brother; he was afraid he had run away."

"Ma, what makes you call him Uriah?" said Hartson, "I heard you call him so once before — his name is Robert."

"Is it?" said I, still absently. "I thought it was Uriah?"

"Why no, mamma," said Hartson, "you knew it was Robert — Robert Ford."

"Yes, my son, so I did," said I, recovering myself.

"Then why do you call him Uriah?" said my husband laughing.

"I don't know; I suppose he reminds me of some Uriah. Oh, yes! — Uriah Heep — that is it."

"Not a very complimentary mistake," said Mr. Mills.

"Well," said I, "he might look one in the face when he speaks, if he does not wish to be called Uriah."

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDÉ.

I.

GIRARD, *January, 1858.*

MY dear M. . . .: — Having found myself at leisure for some time past, I yielded to the strong promptings of my heart, and re-perused files of letters, which for years have remained in the privacy to which affection had consigned them. I knew that many a time "the nerve whence agonies are born," would be touched, and sorrowful memories would be aroused from the lethargy which the lenient hand of time had thrown over them; but I believed, also, that the revival of past scenes, the actors in which, at least many of them, had passed to another sphere of existence, would, like sorrows experienced, "do good like a medicine;" and that thereby my heart might be made better. And it is even so: — a soothing influence rested upon my spirit; like withered roses, the odor of which remains, long after vitality is extinct. These former friends, though dead, spoke soothing words to my heart. Hence the value of

OLD LETTERS.

"What is a letter? let affection tell;
A tongue that speaks to those, who absent dwell;
A silent language uttered to the eye,
Which envious distance would in vain deny;
A link to bind, where circumstances part;

A nerve of feeling, stretched from heart to heart;
Formed to convey, like an electric chain,
The mystic flash — the lightning of the brain;
And thrill at once, through its remotest link,
The throb of passion by a drop of ink."

Who knows not the electric — the "mystic flash" elicited by the very sight of a letter, even before it has reached the hand, or the autograph of a dear friend has met the eye, and been recognized. The personal interview can scarcely surpass in enjoyment, that which is derived from reading a warm, cordial, affectionate letter, penned by the hand of friendship, at the dictation of a heart glowing with sincerity and truth; while the writer is far, hundreds of miles, perhaps, away; employed, we know not how, — at the moment we are reveling in associations linked together by this "electric chain:" — and memory's picture gallery, under the full glow of the "lightning of the brain," is presenting to the "mind's eye," scenes of the other days; — loves "O'Lang Syne."

This is a part of the enjoyment evolved by a letter received from one with whom we still hope to enjoy social intercourse, — whose pleasures and pursuits are such as we can understand; can participate in even in fancy. We can sit by the side of absent friends — no matter how far distant they may be; can chat upon various topics, caress the children, toy with the baby, enter into all their plans and projects for the future, offer advice which is cheap, because the market is glutted, — say nothing of assistance, because that is a rare commodity, not so readily come-at-a-ble; in short, we may enact all the realities of a bonafide chat by the home hearth-stone, while the parties may be antipodes to each other. And this is a true pleasure, a sterling enjoyment; one of the embellishers of life, the enliveners of existence. There are few, probably, in enlightened countries, who have not enjoyed this pleasure to a certain extent. But there is another, a higher and holier enjoyment connected with letter reading, which is perhaps more rare; that

of re-perusing letters which one has received at different times, all along the journey of life.

Let us suppose a sexagenary untying and looking over the letters received at intervals through life, from his youth up to the present time. So sacred to his feelings have been the thoughts of his friends when thrown upon paper for his own special benefit, that he felt it almost a sacrilege to destroy them; therefore, he has carefully preserved all that he ever received; and handles those antiquated files with a feeling nearly allied to solemn awe.

It is believed that all children are sympathetically attracted, and fervently attached to particular persons, who seem to possess the power of chaining their young affections. For their plays, they frequently select those of their own age, but their strongest attachments are generally for those very much their seniors.

I can recollect several such, who, at different periods of my childhood, won the strongest affection of my infantile heart; the very thought of whom, even at this remote distance of time, thrills the nerve of sympathy, to its "remotest link."

The power of sympathy is wonderful; like no other element in the natural world, so much as it is like electricity. A flash—it comes—is gone; but its influence remains. One until now unknown, elicits a throb, a thrill, a passionate impulse, for which we can scarcely account. Heart flows out to meet heart—the connection is complete; and until memory's cells are closed, this remembrance will linger around the heart, and as often as the object is presented, its chords will vibrate with a response which no other charm can evoke. In the language of the Poet, we feel,

"O, it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal, her brightest of green;
It was not the soft murmur of streamlet or rill;
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.
'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom were
near;
Which made each dear scene of enchantment more
dear;

And that showed how the blessed charms of nature
improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

The perusal of old letters affords, perhaps, more aliment for serious and solemn thought, than almost any other reminiscence. Here is one, from the very earliest friend of our life: the *one* who first called out our childish thoughts in confidence, who elicited the first idea of affection, aside from the filial and fraternal sentiment, which had "grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength." We occupied the same seat in the school-room, sought the same retired nook at recess, where we might unbosom freely to each other our little cares. When we had a holiday, and were allowed to visit, our steps were guided to each other, as naturally as drops of water flow toward each other and mingle, as they fall upon smooth, hard surfaces. Sometimes too, when for disciplinary purposes we were placed under restraint and kept at home, meetings were arranged stealthily, and a few delicious moments were stolen, and a few confidential words were exchanged, all the more, perhaps, because they were stolen enjoyments.

Where is now this treasured, early friend—the *one* who perhaps elicited the purest feeling of our nature, more akin to the love of angels than any sentiment we have since realized?

Alas for the lapse of time! We know not the fate of that dear friend. Long years have rolled back to those "beyond the flood," since I saw her in all the spiritual beauty and vivacity of childhood; afterward in the first buddings of womanhood. News of her marriage and establishment, her character as matron, mother and friend, were such as to justify the promise of her early life. Whether she is still a denizen of earth, I know not. Memory alone keeps the register of our early attachment. If she still lives, her name even is unknown to me; if she is an inhabitant of heaven, I can think of her by her childhood's name and characteristics. Oh! shall I meet her there—shall we look into

each other's eyes with the same beaming love and joy, and recognize each other by the fond names known to us on earth? This is a glorious, heart-filling thought. I know not why any should wish to disallow it or consider it a weak delusion. If it be so, it is a bliss without alloy—a thought which fills the heart and soul with *that*, which is “our being's end and aim;” conducts the spirit through God's universe, amid the surroundings of perfect beauty, which expand and fill life's powers with the fruition of all that can be conceived, of the things that are in store for those who are willing to accept them as gracious gifts from God.

Friends of my childhood! though scattered and dispersed, I know not whither; probably forgetful of the delights of many scenes and events of early life; these little missives, expressive of childhood's loves and joys, its sorrows and cares, recall the whole; by them we retrace the past, revisit the green spots that may here and there be found on memory's waste, enjoy that union of spirit with which we commenced existence, and look forward to a bright future with a firm hope, that then and there we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known, in the full fruition of a heavenly union.

Here is another from one whose school-life closed as mine commenced. He was always a kind friend—took a brotherly charge of me, in many respects; he was an older brother to me—the only one I ever had. In my early womanhood, he went to a distant part of the country, and for a long series of years, nothing was known to each of the other. It so happened, that a business transaction occasioned a letter from him to a member of my family who was absent; this letter required an immediate acknowledgement, and the duty of writing devolved upon me. After noticing the business, I reverted to former scenes. “While I mused the fire burned,” and, one after another,

memory yielded up to her stores, until my sheet was filled.

This that now rests upon my table, is the reply to mine, written upon the spur of the moment, and dispatched on the wings of the mail—not as well fledged and strong in those days as now—but it came as quickly as possible. What a flood of recollections did it call forth. His seemed to have been aroused by my letter, and he poured them forth with all the fervency of youth. At length he says: “But I am carried back—back—back on the track of life. Be not alarmed, my dear friend of other years; I am a grayheaded, toothless old man, surrounded by my own family. Mrs. L. . . . unites with me in the request that you will indulge us with a letter occasionally. One other favor we urge, that you will come and spend the summer with us.” Circumstances forbade my accepting this invitation; and soon afterward I heard that my friend had gone to his rest. Had it not been for this letter, these delightful reminiscences would have remained engulfed by the great demolisher, or rather the great absorber Time. Many of the familiar friends of early life have been stricken down by his scythe, one after another have fallen, until my own existence seems more like a translation to some other sphere, than that this is actually the same earth to which I was born.

But praise and thanksgiving to Him, who so constituted us that we are susceptible of high intellectual enjoyment, and enabled by letters to hold converse with living friends, and by memory to hold communion with loved ones in heaven. Time, while he removes our living joys, and places them beyond our ken, can not deprive us of the power of recalling and re-enjoying scenes of former bliss, forever fled.

He may throw a mist across the vision, by which, for a time, they are obscured; but an incident, a word, a letter will awaken a chord in

memory's harp, that shall vibrate ten thousand symphonies, and call up vivid remembrances of the past, which shall glide before us and "smile an angel, or a fury frown."

The ancients had a most impressive way of illustration, by personifying familiar objects; and even abstract ideas were thus made the vehicles of very profound instruction; and they were sometimes very happy in thus flashing upon the mind a new thought, which, though it was often very quaintly expressed, was well calculated to arrest and fix the attention. For instance, "Chronos (Time) is said to have been the son of Coelus, (the invisible heavens,) the most ancient of the gods, and that not improperly, since it is evident that the motions of the heavens measure forth to us the duration of time. He is generally described as an old man bare-headed, with all the indications of age in his eye, forehead, and countenance; his shoulders are bowed, and he grasps feebly a sickle, and sometimes a key in his right hand; in his left, he holds a serpent, which is represented as continually biting his own tail."

All these symbols are designed to illustrate Time as revealing all secrets, impairing and devouring all things, still consuming and yet renewing itself by a perpetual circulation. "Sometimes he is described with six wings, and feet of wool, signifying that time passes softly, yet will be found to be very swift in his progress."

To most of us the emblem of wings and woolly feet, is fully understood. "Tempus fugit" is a maxim, or a proverb that no one will pretend to contravene. Under this conviction it should be our care to make the most of this, so evanescent treasure; the present instant is all that we can ever possess. The past—where is it? even the last flying minute—it is gone; where? gone to take its place "with years beyond the flood." "'T were wise—'t were greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them

what report they bore to heaven." The future—who knows it? none but He who first marked the divisions of Time; He who placed the rolling orbs in space, and gave them for signs, and for seasons, for days, and for years."

But here is another old letter. The writer, when we were acquainted, was a lad in his teens, and myself but very little older. While both were young, our lots were cast at a distance from each other, and his name was scarcely remembered during the long lapse of years which passed, without any communications or knowledge of each other. This letter tells me that he had been defrauded in a business transaction, by a person living somewhere in the region of the country where was my home. That his own lawyers had sent it to a firm here years ago, but not having heard anything from them they had relinquished all hope of ever recovering the debt. At length the thought occurred to him that he would try a lady friend, instead of professional men. Accordingly, he wrote to me, and forwarded the correspondence of the lawyers. It so happened that I was acquainted with both the lawyers in this region, although they lived some fifty miles away from me, and the fraudulent debtor more than one hundred miles, in another county. I immediately opened a correspondence with the legal gentlemen, and revived the business, which they had nearly forgotten. In less than three months another letter informed me, that after employing four lawyers for three years, a lady had been the means of recovering a debt of several hundred dollars, with interest, which his own lawyers had relinquished as a hopeless debt. A very handsome present to me was enclosed; this was my first and only pettifogging fee. So thankful was he for the assistance I had rendered, that the present, which I thought quite too large for my acceptance, he thought should have been quintupled.

All this revived scenes innumera-

ble, which had been wafted away on the wings of old Chronos, or trampled beneath his wool-shod feet, until this one circumstance called them out, with many collateral trains that had been laid by, awaiting the electric flash which should thrill at once through the "remotest link" of the chain of association, and "bring times past to the present view."

Such are some of the pleasures resulting from epistolary converse. Scarcely does the letter of to-day afford greater enjoyment, than that which was dated half a century ago; that which tells of the present, interests us by its connection with current events, but that which recalls the past, comes to us with an awful solemnity, like the spirit of departed years, lifting its spectral finger to the dial-plate of Time and asking, "How old art thou?"

Here are files received from friends who wrote frequently, with whom an uninterrupted correspondence was kept up for many years, but their pens are now folded in their cases, no more to cheer my heart with words of kindly affection. These letters extend through many years, and connect the past with the present, by the recital of many incidents, which serve as signals to call up other events, other actors in life's drama, till their last act was concluded and the curtain dropped.

Here is a file comprising more than one hundred letters, the correspondence of more than thirty years with a very dear friend, and it is still in progress. Who can describe the exquisite joy, the thrill of delight elicited by these welcome harbingers of love and friendship. How many little links do they extend back and forth, from heart to heart, and binding in warm contact those whom adverse circumstances have separated by hundreds of miles. Their perusal seems like re-living those scenes of pleasureable recollections; and if sorrows are revived, which had been almost, or quite forgotten, they are

shorn in a great measure of their poignancy; for

"Memory stands sideways half covered with flowers,
And displays every rose, but conceals the sharp
thorn."

The lenient influence of Time softens sorrows by robbing them of the bitter pangs of disappointment, and the deep despondency and discouragement, ever the concomitants of a present grief. How happily is the human constitution adapted to the trials of life. At first they fall upon our hearts with a crushing avalanche of force, threatening utter prostration; but the sympathy of dear ones tendered in all gentleness and sincerity seems, if it do not entirely extract the sting, so to neutralize its virus that half its bitterness is removed.

Almost unconsciously we find ourselves turning from the spectral grief, which has been ever present in our sleeping as well as our waking hours, and has haunted our footsteps continually whichever way we turned. Like the punishment denounced upon Cain the fratricide, it lies at our door. We can not drive it from our heart, nor banish the sombre shadow of its black wings from our homes, not even from the closest retirement, consecrated to devotion. The word of God is precious—consoling; in Him, all its promises are yea and amen. Yet, for the want of a living faith, we fail to make that application which lifts the soul from the dark depths of the "slough of despond;" and we approach, without entering the Holy of Holies, where the most High reveals, all his glory not only, but all His mercy, His justice, His goodness, and His truth.

In this unsettled state of feeling, a letter from a Christian friend, crowded with expressed sympathy and affection, filled with experiences of deep grief and corresponding memories of God's sustaining grace, of palpable darkness which has been illumined by the Divine ray, emanating from the declaration "What I do now ye know not;" and by implication we feel a

blessed assurance that hereafter all shall be explained, and we shall be made to rejoice that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. Our heart is refreshed by the poetic sentiment:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence,
He hides a smiling face."

The promises of God, thus vitalized by the experiences of a friend, seem to reach our hearts in a more tangible form, we can speak face to face of our sorrows, and every word of response falls upon our anguish with soothing, healing influence. If personal intercourse with cherished friends come to our griefs with healing comfort, not less is the influence of these old letters. Although Time has brushed his wing over and smoothed the sharpnesses which once lacerated our souls, yet these letters, while they recall more vividly the days of darkness, present also, in *alto relievo*, all those consolations which constitute the "joy of grief." They range before the "mind's eye" scenes forever fled, while we, in the spirit, frequent other times and places, and hold communion with the dear departed.

"From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise,"

and point to the glorious Resurrection morning, to which all our fervent hopes tend; the expectation of which dissipates our gloom and starts

"A new creation in the soul,
An Eden in the heart."

Who would shrink from the trouble of preserving letters—those of friendship we mean—when they afford so rich a fund of enjoyment in after years. The time required is scarcely to be thought of; just endorse the time of receipt and acknowledgment, and place them on file. At the close of the year, encase them in a labeled wrapper, and assign for the file a numbered "pigeon hole." In course of time, these letters will refresh your spirit like "the face of a friend," which "Holy Writ" declares "doeth good like a medicine."

Blessings on old Cadmus, and upon

every improver of letters, and belles-lettres down to the time of lightning letters. Bless letters of all kinds; but more especially bless old letters. "So mote it be."

L'AMIE.

EARTH'S LINGERER.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

WIND of spring! wind of spring! with the
promise-laden wing,
One that loves thee groweth wan, in thy soft
breath withering;
Vainly she hath sought to stray
Where the dandelions fold
From the sun their borrowed gold,
On the meadow-slopes to-day.
Thousand blooms to greet thee spring, is
there healing on thy wing
For a nipt bud withering?

Summer breeze! summer breeze! toying
with the idle trees,
With the gleaners' tangled locks, and with
fairer things than these,
Where sweet echoes used to wake
In the haunts of flower and bird,
When our Effie's voice was heard,
Now is silence for her sake;
Hast thou brought from fragrant trees, in the
far off southern seas,
Balm to cure her deep disease?

Autumn gale! autumn gale! with the mel-
ancholy wail,
Bringest thou no sunset tinge for the cheek
so waxen pale?
See! her hand is shadow-thin,
And the ringlets on her brow
Never looked so dark as now,
Even with white buds braided in!
Bring'st thou nothing but a wail for the
beauty grown so frail,
Cheek and temples waxen pale?

Winter blast! winter blast! moaning for the
glory past,
Is there vigor in thy breath for the faint one
fading fast?
Hark! the answer, "Lo! I bring
For the form so fair and fleet,
Pillow cold, and winding sheet,
For the rest—an angel's wing!"
And the plumed soul, upward past at sweet
fountains pure and vast,
Bathes in heaven's own airs at last!

"Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a cloak,
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk."

"EVERY HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS."

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

You call the babe a happy thing,
A fount of bubbling glee,
And wish yourself a child again
Upon your mother's knee;
You see not the bright gem that starts
To stain its rose-cheek fair,
Or, you would know that babes have griefs
And bitter ones to bear.

You look upon the Indian child,
Within his wild-wood bowers,
And think he must be happy there,
Among the birds and flowers;
But, ah! within his heart, revenge
With error's whisp'ring lure,
Is troubling all that crystal fount,
That else might flow so pure.

In all the gathered pride of gold,
The man of wealth rolls by;
You look upon the glittering pomp
With eager, wishful eye,
And Envy comes and steals away
Contentment from your heart,
The blessed boon God gave, to take
From poverty its smart.

Saw you not on the rich man's brow
The inwrought lines of care?
The frowns, that passion's red-hot iron
Has branded deeply there?
Ah! happiness folds not her wing
Within his palace hall,
For with the wine of wealth he drinks,
Is mingled bitter gall.

You gently strike the trembling lyre,
And touch the sweet guitar,
And in the labarynthine dance,
Bid sadness flee afar;
But 'mid the careless flow of mirth,
The tears, unbidden start,
For there's a bitter, bitter fount
In every human heart.

ECHOES.

From the dim and deep recesses
Of my spirit's inmost shrine,
Come faint echoes of the voices
That have once kept time with mine;
But the lips are cold and silent,
Whence those tender accents fell,
Death and change have taken from me
Those dear friends I loved so well!

From the green and pleasant valleys
Where life's sunny days are spent,
When my heart with joy is throbbing
Or in calm mood is content,

Come sweet echoes of the visions
That have fill'd my dreaming hours,
Since I first with eager foot-step
Roamed thro' Fancy's fairy bowers.

From Thought's lofty cloud-wrapp'd mountain,
Where my soul is sometimes found,
When the ties that draw it earthward
For the moment are unbound,
Come the echoes of my yearnings
For a purer, nobler life;
They, alas! too quickly perished,
Conquered in the world's rude strife.

Thus is the e'er changing Present,
Link'd unto the changless Past
By the spell these mystic echoes
Have around my spirit cast.
And will not the great Hereafter
When its mysteries unfold,
Echo in its glorious music
Tones once heard on earth of old?

KATE CAMERON.

VERMONT.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

I WAS born amid thy mountains,
Vision—girt with summits blue,
Where the spring's snow-swollen fountains
Foam and flash the valleys through.

Where was bred the mountain eagle,—
Where the rock-flowers drank the dew,
Where Ascutney o'er my cradle
Toward the west his shadows threw.

'Neath the sumachs and the pine-trees,
O'er thy rocks a child I climbed,
And the northland's deep toned breezes
With my fancies mixed and chimed.

All thy forest's mystic voices,
Were a music prized and dear;
What, where wind and storm rejoices,
Knows the mountain child of fear?

From thy shadowy, toppling highways,
Oft a wandering glance I threw,
Where the steed with widening nostrils
Down the wheel-locked carriage drew.

Now thy peaks have faded round me,
Only memory's dream remains,
But I love earth's beetling hillsides
As I ne'er shall love its plains.

Iron highways pierce thy mountains,
And the traveler hurrying through,
Sees no flash on all thy fountains,
Sees, like dreams, thy summits blue.

But thy green slopes and thy valleys,
Still with childhood's tones are rife,
And a thousand young eyes wakening,
Learn the joys of mountain life.

Arthur's Home Magazine.

"RESPECTABLE-LOOKING."

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

"MR. Leonard, I thought you told me those people were wealthy—the Whartons, I mean—who called here to-day?"

"No, I didn't, my dear; I believe they *are* wealthy, but I did not tell you so, for that was not the question you asked me. You inquired if they were respectable-looking, and I said, yes, which was the truth. The more intimate I become with the Whartons the more I am convinced that they belong to what is emphatically 'Nature's nobility.' I am sorry that in your eyes they are not 'respectable-looking.'"

"Now, Mr. Leonard, don't moralize? Respectable enough, I doubt not, they are in *your* sense, but you know perfectly well what I meant by the question. I fancied, from your description, that they were more—rather more—"

"More fashionable, I suppose."

"Yes; more genteel, more *au fait* to the customs and manners of the city."

"Call it by the right name then, Sarah? Don't let any one suppose you mean respectable, when you only mean *city-fied*?"

"But, Mr. Leonard, did you observe what queer figures the Whartons made? They wore calf-skin shoes, both Mrs. W. and the daughters; and the style of their bonnets, I verily believe, was that of summer before last! Then Mrs. Wharton dresses her hair so oddly, I could not restrain a smile; and *such* shakes of the hand as they all gave! My fingers ached under the infliction, for their hands are none of the softest."

"Well, Sarah, I must say, that after all these persons' kindness to us, among utter strangers, and after I have repeatedly invited them to call on you, I did suppose you would feel like giving them a cordial reception, without picking flaws in their dress. I saw nothing very peculiar

about it. Their shoes were of the only description they could have worn over these muddy roads, and it would surely have been folly to ride so short a distance. As for their bonnets and hair arrangements, if they were not in the latest style, they were certainly becoming, and not sufficiently out of date to offend the eye of any, save a *very* sensitive fashion-worshiper. They are sensible people, who do not think it proper to adopt city modes in a country farm-house, and I honor them for it. You had no reason to expect them to call upon you dressed as for a Broadway excursion."

"Bless me! Mr. Leonard, how much do you know of this family, pray? You advocate their cause very warmly."

"Why, I know that when we came to this place for the benefit of country air, and diet for our sickly, pining children, the Whartons offered us every service in their power; they sent us their domestics until we could procure efficient ones, tempted the poor childrens' appetites with every imaginable delicacy, placed their carriage at our disposal that they might ride, and in numerous other delicate ways showed their kindness of heart and genuine politeness. I know that when I called at their house, I found every thing comfortable and elegant, indoors and out, and as intelligent and truly refined a family as was ever my lot to meet. I invited them here, and now after all this, if you have been treating them *stiffly*, because their appearance does not quite accord with your ideas of what is respectable-looking, I must say you have displayed a lack, not only of good feeling, but of good breeding."

"Oh! do n't be alarmed, Mr. Leonard, I fancy I know what is lady-like, and what rude conduct, without your instruction. I do feel grateful to them and told them so. To be sure I did n't ask them to call again, for I should be mortified if any of our city friends should visit us, and find them here. Not but they are well enough in their

way, and intelligent, as you observe. Country people have a great deal of time to read and inform themselves; but they are not in *my set*, and I don't think I shall trouble myself to return their call. And one thing, Mr. Leonard, I must request of you, that is not to ask them to call upon us after our return to the city. Country people never look so *outré* as when shopping or making calls in New York. To think of those shoes and bonnets in our drawing-room! monstrous! You'll remember, will you, Mr. Leonard?"

"And thus add positive rudeness to incivility; Sarah, your conduct absolutely disgusts me! No—make yourself easy. I respect the Whartons too much to willingly expose them to your haughty airs again. And now, pray, drop the subject?"

"Hi, hum! Half-past four, and Mrs. Brattle not come yet. Her letter gave me much encouragement that she would be here to-day. I am all impatience to learn about that Bond Street wedding. Abby's important epistle I have read a dozen times out of pure *ennui*. She seems very much taken with her new beau, young Morgan. I hope it may be a match, for it is said he is to go in business with millionaire Bowman's son. Mr. Leonard, if you *can* coax the doctor to say that Bell and Willie are sufficiently convalescent to be taken home, I wish you would do so. I'm sure they eat enormously, and are getting terribly sun-burned. Besides, Abby is young to be left with only your old aunt for company. It must be dull for her, poor girl! I will write her a long letter this evening. Oh! I am so homesick in this out-of-the-way-place."

"Did you know those people at church with the Bowmans this afternoon, Abby? I never saw them in our church before; but one seldom sees more respectable-looking people. Who could they be?"

"I can not tell, mamma. Some

friends of the Bowmans, I fancy, and also of my old beau, Charles Morgan, as he seemed in their company."

"Well, it is quite certain it's worth our while to make their acquaintance. I liked their appearance exceedingly. Those silks were rich and elegant, yet plain; a pretty sure sign of long-established respectability. It is only the *parvenus* who flaunt and dash. And that reminds me, Abby, that you ought to take at least *one* of the feathers off your hat. Such an over-display of finery looks as if one were not quite sure of one's position. Mr. Leonard, what are you laughing at? I thought you were asleep?"

"So I was, my dear, until your 'respectable-looking people' awakened me."

"Do you know them?"

"I do, and so I believe, do you."

"Impossible! Pray, where have I seen them before?"

"At Clearspring, last summer, where we went with little Bell and Willie after their attack of measles and whooping-cough."

"At *that* wretched place? Indeed I saw nobody there! I never was so homesick in my life."

"Yet you saw the Whartons there."

"Those people who made such nice jellies and blanc-mange for the children?"

"Yes—and who called here in calf-skin shoes and two-year old bonnets, and who had such hard hands. Well, you saw them at church to-day."

"Oh! Mr. Leonard, you must be mistaken. I *do* hope you are mistaken. How did you find it out? And how came they here?"

"I will tell you first how I learned they were here, that you may see one result of your treatment of them, and it is a result which I think you will not only see, but appreciate. A week ago, I mentioned to Mr. Bowman my desire for a special partner in my business, and he at once suggested a friend of his who had recently removed to the city, and promised to

speak to him on the subject. This he did, but obtained only the assurance that 'Mr. Wharton would prefer not to be connected with Mr. Leonard's affairs.' The name immediately made all clear in my mind, and I have to thank my wife for the loss of very valuable assistance in my business."

"Unforgiving old wretch! But do tell what brought them to New York?"

"Soon after we left Clearspring, the old gentleman met with an accident, which lamed him slightly but permanently, and rather unfitted him for the care of his large farm. About the same time, his property having greatly increased in value, in consequence of the location of a new railroad, he sold the whole, with the exception of the beautiful homestead, which is occupied by his eldest son, and open for his return, should he ever desire it. Partly for the purpose of making a home for his second son, or rather, the son of his wife by a former marriage, he removed to this city; I presume also the wish to give his daughters the best educational advantages was an additional motive. The son has risen from a clerk to one of the most promising merchants on — street, and is now in partnership with young Bowman. What is there in this to disturb you, Abby? Ah! I forgot that he paid you attentions a year ago."

"And Charles Morgan is the son of those Clearspring people! That accounts for all! Oh! mother, what did you do? And how foolish I have been. How he must despise us. Oh, mother, it is *too bad!*"

"What, in folly's name, do you mean now, Abby?"

"Mother, do you remember writing me from Clearspring a most ridiculous letter — to amuse me, you said — giving an account of some country people who lived near you; how they called upon you that day, in the most ludicrous old-fashioned rig, and what awkward things they did and said?"

"To be sure, I remember; it makes me laugh now; — and what of it?"

"The very evening I received that letter, Morgan called, and I, just for sport, read to him pretty freely from it. I remember he laughed, and said it would be a rare treat if the 'corn-fed bumpkins,' as you call them, should come to visit us in New York. But it struck me, there was irony in his tone; and, mother, *he has never been in this house* since, and only bows coldly when we meet."

"What an idiot you were, Abby! But it is by no means certain that he would have proposed to you, if no such *coute-temps* had taken place."

"Indeed, I am certain of it; and, that he came that evening with the intention of making a declaration. Now, I have not only lost him, but lost his esteem forever, through that odious letter —"

"Now, Abby, hush! I am half crazy with being blamed for every thing. Mr. Leonard, are they really very rich, and living in style — these Whartons?"

"They are rich enough to live as they please, and no doubt think proper, now they have changed their residence, to make corresponding changes in their manner of living; yet, I venture to say, they will never lose that simplicity and truthfulness of character, which is of healthy country growth; that freshness and vigor of mind, and independence of action, which city-spoiled nonentities can never imitate. And now, Sarah, if you desire it, I am ready to call with you upon the Whartons, at any time you may name; premising, however, that you will not find them one whit more 'respectable-looking,' than when they made chicken-soup and currant-wine for our puny children in the farm-house at Clearspring."

THERE are individuals who have acquired a literary reputation without writing a line; there are others who have a name for bravery, and never fought. The former write, and the latter fight, by proxy.

A BLIGHTED BUD.

"Weep not for him that dieth —
For he sleeps, and is at rest ;
And the couch whereon he lieth
Is the green earth's quiet breast.

"Weep not for him that dieth,
For friends are round his bed ;
And many a young lip sigheth,
When they name the early dead.

"Weep not for him that dieth,
For his struggling soul is free,
And the world from which it flee'th
Is a world of misery.

"But weep for him who weepeth,
Whose trials are not o'er,
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth —
Weep for the dead no more !"

IN the following brief memoir, may be found the true source of real and lasting happiness. The truthful incidents relate to one who, by reflection and effort, guided by revelation, found "sweet content" here, and a bright hope for the Life that is to come. In it there is encouragement, especially for mothers, to sow precious seed as soon as the soil is given to their supervision ; bearing in mind, that they who sow sparingly shall so reap, and when sowing bountifully, the promise is, they shall reap also bountifully. If the fruit be sparsely realized on earth, it shall be garnered in heaven, where fruition shall never be marred by disappointment.

Richard C. A. . . . was born in Buffalo, N. Y. When about four years of age, he was attacked with scarlet fever, which came to him in a violent form ; but with God's blessing he recovered, after being to human view in the near prospect of death for three weeks. Though apparently regaining his health, it was perceived that his constitution had sustained a severe shock, for the nervous system became very susceptible and much impaired. His mind appeared not to share in his bodily debility ; the intellect afforded great promise, expanding steadily, while the moral perceptions developed with the advancing mind. He was instructed at home by his mother until seven years of age ; and during that time became well advanced in the primary studies usually taught in schools. One of his early teachers

observed : "He would learn more in one day than other pupils in a week." At that early age, his love for study was remarkable. It never appeared a task to him to acquire knowledge, but a source from which he derived the highest enjoyment.

About this time, he first commenced attending the Sabbath-school, in which his interest was not only shown by being punctual at the hour appointed, but by learning his lesson perfectly. The book he weekly received from the library for perusal, was always read and put by carefully until returned. He would have been very much mortified to have injured in the least one of those precious little volumes, (for so he esteemed them,) while in his temporary possession. May other dear children follow his example ; for it is with pain their faithful teachers observe in too many instances the abuse of the Sabbath-school library books, while in the hands of some of the scholars. Many are so thoughtless as not to return them at all — thus they become lost or destroyed, as if of no value.

At this early age, he seemed to feel the importance of that discipline of mind which conduced so much to form the fixed principles which ever guided his life. The internal conflict with regard to the regulation of his actions, was often noticed, and the effort made upon himself to do what was right. When a little boy, he was very much afraid in a thunder storm, and would run to his mother and hide his head in her lap until it had passed. The causes of the phenomena were explained to him, while he was assured he was as safe then, if he would trust in God, as at any time, and he was advised to ask his Heavenly Father to remove his fears. One day, soon after this conversation, he said to his mother, "I think I shall never be afraid of lightning and thunder again. I have asked God to take away my fears." This seemed his first effort of faith in his Heavenly Father. He never manifested the least terror in a storm afterward,

while he ever appeared wholly free from the fear of those things from which children often suffer. The fear of the dark was wholly unknown to him.

Richard manifested great conscientiousness and truthfulness, of which several anecdotes might be related. His teacher tells the following: at the first school he attended, it was enjoined that every scholar who had transgressed the rules, should report himself daily of so doing. It was observed, Richard was very desirous to obey, but, when casually breaking the rule, in every instance he would stand up at the close of school, and before the teacher and pupils, acknowledge he had done so; a circumstance requiring no little courage in a child of seven years. He seemed to have an innate horror of any thing approaching a quarrel; and sometimes came home weeping, after being assaulted by naughty boys in the street, taking patiently their ill-treatment, rather than say angry words in return. It was not known that he ever told a falsehood, nor was it ever necessary to punish him but on one occasion, which was for disobedience to his father—a fault which called forth painful recollections afterward, and was sincerely regretted, while tears would fill his eyes whenever he spoke of it.

He excelled in all the studies to which he gave attention, distinguished himself by the best scholarship, and gained the first honors of school. He had acquired a good knowledge of the Latin language before he was ten years of age. By his own prompting he became very fond of the study of natural history, and the knowledge acquired of the animal and insect kingdom was remarkable; he could generally tell the peculiarities of any one of them. The books in his father's library were his delight, and he reveled among them as in a garden of sweets. He had a taste and correct appreciation for the beautiful in scenery, would observe and point out the beauties of a landscape, which

those of less acute observation would rarely notice. He would watch from the piazza at his home the clouds at sunset with intense delight, and loved to contemplate nature in all her various forms.

Richard's temper was mild and winning. He manifested the warmest affection for his parents, brother, and sister, and all his numerous friends. Wherever he went, he was sure to make friends, and was a general favorite; possessing social qualities, he enjoyed highly the society of congenial spirits. It can not be remembered, through his short life, when he did not seem to exhibit the Christian graces; even in his childish plays, and the subsequent occupations of youth, the fear of God, and the love for goodness seemed to control every action.

He ever expressed much sympathy for the poor and suffering. The duty was often delegated to him of carrying the necessities for alleviating their wants, and he never seemed happier, than when going on such errands. When not thought expedient to bestow money to an applicant at the door, a shade of sadness would pass over his countenance, as though fearing a needy one might have been denied. He loved to bestow generously, and in doing so, followed the dictates of his enlarged heart. The gratification of self, was always a secondary object; and not unfrequently he would renounce his own enjoyment to conduce to that of another, while the deprivation was as cheerfully submitted to as if a favor had been conferred upon himself; thus he realized the sweetest pleasure by striving to promote that of others. Evening after evening has he been found in the kitchen, imparting some useful lessons to his father's hired man, which, owing to his gentle manner, and the interest he manifested for them, were always gratefully received. In so doing, the joy was realized that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

He was early instructed in the historical parts of Scripture, and so well

did he understand them, that for hours he would entertain his "dear little sister," (as he always called her,) who was eight years younger than himself, by relating one story after another from the Bible. The shorter catechism he could repeat perfectly, before he was nine years old, which, when he became more of an invalid toward the close of life, it was a source of much spiritual enjoyment to revert to its plain Scriptural truths. May this encourage other young persons to learn this excellent compend of Christian truth, that it may afford the like consolation to them in after life. He seldom read books of fiction, and only when the moral was decidedly good. He did not enjoy them—his taste was formed for more substantial aids to thought, something upon which to fix principle, and to guide in the performance of right. Nothing less than truth could satisfy his ardent desire for knowledge and improvement. His remarks in relation to works of fiction, were very appreciable to any thinking mind. He felt that time was not profitably employed in reading the imaginary creations of others, so often very unlike real life, and not calculated to make one more competent for performing its serious duties.

The natural thoughtfulness of his mind, united with the affliction caused by the deprivation of health, produced a sobriety of character rarely found in one so young. The duty of showing respect to the aged, so much neglected by many young persons in these days, called forth his comments of disapprobation. It seemed a gratification to him to show them all the attention in his power. He often sought and enjoyed their society more than that of his youthful companions. His parents sought to cultivate affability and politeness of manner, and with good success; for often his gentlemanly behavior has called forth commendation.

It soon became apparent his infirmities were slowly assuming a more

formidable character, and his physicians forbade his attendance at school, and any continual mental or physical application; consequently his studies and daily reading was necessarily abridged; still, he was loth to renounce his books, and it was difficult to divert his attention from them. Feeling keenly his deprivation in not being able to advance so rapidly as he ardently desired in the attainment of knowledge, which trial, united with increasing debility, led him (as he often expressed to his friends) to reflect upon the uncertainty and transitory nature of all on earth, and directed his attention to the future and after life.

He conversed mostly with his grandfather, then residing in his father's family, on religious subjects, and his increasing interest in them. He felt himself a sinner standing in need of God's forgiving love and mercy; nor did he find peace, until hoping in the Saviour's pardoning love. His convictions of sin were from the depths of the heart, while beseeching the throne of grace most fervently, and urging his friends to do so on his behalf, until he found joy in believing. When he could humbly claim the promises to the penitent, he desired to profess his faith before the world. He was united to the people of God and the visible church, the summer that he was fifteen. He ever after appeared to grow in the divine life, *never wandered from his first love*, while his consistent walk was a living example to many older professors.

The Bible now became his daily delightful study in connection with various commentaries, and the consultation of the marginal references, while the remarks he often made, showed how well were appreciated and prized its blessed truths. His mind was sometimes disturbed with temptations,—“What if the Bible was not true, and was all a fable—how can I know that it is really God's word?” These doubts he communicated to his mother, who directed his

attention to the writings of good and learned men, who have established the authenticity of the Scriptures by unmistakable evidences. After reading them, and looking carefully to the internal evidences, and consulting his own happy experience of the truth, his doubts vanished, and he became convinced and satisfied. If all young people would take this course, the word of God would be perused with more satisfaction, and become a living influence to guide their daily life.

This dear child ardently desired to engage in every enterprise to aid the cause of his Saviour, and it was with much regret after gathering around him an endeared class in the Sabbath-school, that he was obliged to relinquish it on account of ill health. He loved the little boys composing his class, and they expressed the strongest affection for him, while the hours for teaching never afforded sufficient time, as he said, to tell them all he wished about the good men of the Bible, and the kindness of the dear Redeemer.

He was taught by wisdom from above a just appreciation of worldly amusements, and never manifested any love for them. The exercise of filial and fraternal love, the enjoyment of rational and innocent amusements, and the practice of Christian duty, constituted his constant happiness. It was observed he appeared "always happy," — he was so, with the exception of short intervals, when contemplating the future, and fearing he should be disabled from active service in his Master's vineyard. In infancy he had been given to God in baptism, and devoted to the ministry.

It was hoped by his parents God would sanction this choice, and prepare their child for that solemn service. He looked forward to it himself with ardent hope, and often observed, "I think nothing could make me happier, should my life be preserved, than to be a missionary; how I should delight to labor for Christ." Writing in his journal he says: "How

I prize God's blessed word; it is to me the best book, while a crucified Saviour appears to my heart more and more lovely;" at another time: "If it should be my Heavenly Father's will to restore my health, I would delight to go to the far west, and proclaim His love to perishing sinners."

(To be concluded.)

BABIES.

BABIES! scions of humanity formed and fashioned like the parent stem; very innocent and lovely; the most helpless of all creative beings; the pride and pet of the parents; the common center of their heart's deepest affections, binding them still closer to earth. The treasure is theirs, they are to do with it as seems to them good, and no one has a right to remove it from them. This little body is to be clothed in costly fabrics, wrought and fashioned by the careful hand of the industrious mother, that it may excel all others in the charms of beauty and fashion. This little form, which is all in all to them, they are to rear and decorate, until it shall become one of commanding grace and beauty, the pride and admiration of all observers.

Kind reader, will this not meet the common acceptation of the term babies? But, fond mother, ought it to answer your ideas of them; of your own for instance? Ought we not to behold in them something farther, higher, more sublime than I have yet defined? Must this little body be the ultimate of our hopes and affections? My own heart responds, no; this is not all, this is not a just definition of babies.

Shall we not then, consider them "well-springs of hope," causing our hearts to throb with emotions never known before? As human caskets, possessing jewels of Divine workmanship; as perishable forms, but possessing immortal minds. The realization of our fondest hopes, the renewing of our very selves, calling

forth all the finer feelings of our natures, and rendering us less selfish and worldly. As links uniting still closer the hearts of the parents, and bearing them upward to heaven, by daily reminding them of the words of our Saviour, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

And have we the exclusive right to these immortal treasures? Has not the Creator who gave them us a prior claim? And can we act then, wholly as we please in the management, and dictate as we choose the removal of what is not our own, but merely lent us for a time not specified. Should we not as parents, rather be laying up for our little ones food and clothing for the mind—that immortal part—a store of useful knowledge, words of wisdom, and examples of kindness and benevolence? Ought not the first ideas which impress the infant minds of our children, be of more value than the beauty of their form, or the fineness of the fabrics in which they are arrayed?

Should it not be the subject of our prayers and anxious endeavors to so cultivate our own minds, that we may be capable of instilling the tender minds of our little ones with the best possible knowledge, both by example and precept, that when the kind Master shall see fit to call home these objects of our affections, we may possess the heart-consoling thought that we have not been worshiping the baby "which is of earth, earthly;" but that immortal part, which will then serve as a link binding us to heaven.

SUSAN E. WICKHAM.

TWO WAYS OF CORRECTING A FAULT.

"WELL, Sarah, I declare! you are the worst girl that I know of in the whole country!"

"Why, mother! what have I done?"

"See there! how you have spilled water in my pantry! Get out of my

sight; I can not bear to look upon you—you careless girl!"

"Well, mother! I could n't help it."

Mrs. A. . . ., the mother, is a very worthy woman, but very ignorant of the art of family government. Sarah, her daughter, is a heedless girl of about ten years old. She is very much accustomed to remove things out of their proper places, and seldom stops to put them in again. On the occasion referred to above, she had been sent to put water into the tea-kettle, and had very carelessly spilled a considerable portion on the pantry floor. After the above conversation, which, on the part of the mother, sounded almost like successive claps of thunder on the ears of her daughter, Sarah escaped in a pouting manner, into an adjoining room, and her mother wiped up the slop in the pantry.

Well, thought I, my dear Mrs. A. . . ., if that is the way you treat your daughter, you will probably find it necessary to wipe after her a great many times more, if you both live. Such family government as is here set forth, seems to me to be liable to several serious objections. The reproof was too boisterous. Children can never be frightened into a knowledge of error, or into conviction of crime. It is their judgment, and their taste for neatness and order which need training, and not their ears.

It was too unreasonable. The child was, indeed, careless; but she had done nothing to merit the title of "the worst girl in the country." Children are sensible of injustice, and very soon find it difficult to respect those who unjustly treat them.

It was too passionate. The mother seemed to be boiling over with displeasure and disgust; and under this excitement she despised her darling child; the very same that in a short time afterward, when the storm had blown by, she was ready to embrace in her arms as almost the very image of

perfection. It was inefficient. Sarah retired under the idea that her mother was excited for a very little thing, which she could not help. Thus she blamed her mother and acquitted herself.

Mrs. B. . . . is another mother in the same neighborhood. Mrs. A. . . . wonders why Mrs. B. . . . has so very good children. Says Mrs. A. . . ., "I talk a great deal more to my children than Mrs. B. . . . does. I frequently scold them most severely, and I sometimes whip them, until I think they will never disobey me again. And yet, how noisy, careless, and disobedient my children are! Mrs. B. . . . says but little to her children, and yet her family moves like clock-work. Order, neatness, and harmony abound, and I never heard of her whipping them at all."

'Tis even so! And I should like to tell Mrs. A. . . . the grand cause of her failure. She has not yet learned to govern herself, and it is not therefore surprising that her family is poorly governed.

Mrs. B. . . . has a daughter Catharine, about the same age with the daughter of Mrs. A. . . . Not long since, Catharine committed in a hurry, the same act of carelessness as above related, and Mrs. B. . . .'s treatment of it, reveals her secret of family government.

"Catharine, my daughter, can you tell me how this water came on the floor?"

"I suppose, mother, I must have spilled it a few moments ago, when I filled the teakettle."

"Why did you not wipe it up, my daughter?"

"I intended to return and do so; but on getting engaged on something else, I forgot it."

"Well, my daughter, when you do wrong, you should try to repair it to the best of your ability, and as soon as possible. Get the mop and wipe it up, and try not to do so again."

Catharine immediately does as she is bid, remarking, "I will try to be more careful another time."

Mrs. A. . . . may be found in almost every community. Mrs. B. . . ., though perhaps a more rare personage, yet graces many families in our land.

A HOUSE WITHOUT "IMPROVEMENTS."

I HAVE been tempted to write the following from the fact, that I believe that most people who are blessed with a habitation, wherein all the genius of the nineteenth century has been brought to bear in its construction, have not a realizing sense of their privileges, I would like to inquire of those individuals if they ever lived in a house minus the "conveniences?"

Was there a single door from cellar to garret, that would shut properly? Didn't the windows shake with ague-fits, every gust that blowed? Didn't the cistern give out in June, and the well in July? Wasn't every crevice in the wall a place wherein you might exercise patience, grace and corrosive sublimate. Allow me to relate my experience.

I commenced housekeeping in just such a place. The only thing that attracted me to it, was the good old-fashioned chimney fire-place. How meekly innocent it looked on that eventful afternoon, when I went to survey *our* new possession. It was a jewel of a convenience, "so much more comfortable than a stove," remarked my husband, "so much pleasanter to knit by," said I. We were delighted, and decided to move in immediately. Now, I was a country-girl, and had a full supply of feather-beds, woolen blankets, and bed-quilts; these were my pride. My carpets were made of rags, but clean and whole. My linen, home-made, but fresh and snowy.

It was early spring-time, all nature was beginning anew *like us*. I packed my winter-bedding in a chamber closet, stored my surplus linen in

an oaken chest, spread my carpets, "set up my dishes," and we commenced living. The first night of our regency, we looked over our little house with satisfaction written in our countenances in unmistakable lines; "comfortable!" was our unanimous vote. But, alas! that human hopes are so easily wrecked. Shall I weary your patience by telling you how the miserable water, and the still more miserable clothes-yard, (which was a newly-turned green sward,) in the course of the summer, turned my snowy linen to an interesting saffron color? Or, how anxiously we waited the arrival of the first cold night, that we might try our pet fire-place? We piled on the wood and chips, struck a match, and it burned furiously (for a minute,) then,—oh! death to all hopes of comfort, the smoke came puffing down, and in spite of all efforts to the contrary, it would "come down," and if we persisted in having a fire, we must have all the windows open, or else suffocate. Shall I tell you how many tears I shed, when one cold day in December I went to my closet to get my woolen blankets, and found that the mice had chewed them to pieces, and built a city of the fragments? Or, how the moths made my carpets more ragged, than the original elements of which it was composed? No, I'll not distress you with a detail of all my grievances, but simply state, that if any one has an ungratified wish to exchange a modern house for my primitive one, I am both ready and willing. M. HUNTER.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

NOTHING else so much conduces to the prosperity of a state, and to the individual happiness and welfare of its citizens, as the general diffusion of knowledge. Hence, we have cause to rejoice at the liberal public provision which has been made for this purpose. There is much,

however, in a good, practical education, which is not to be acquired in the public schools under the best reputed system of instruction. Thousands of young ladies annually graduate from the seminaries, and consider themselves educated, who are sadly deficient in that knowledge which is of the greatest practical importance. They are, it may be, *accomplished*, but they are far from being *educated*, in the true sense of the term. They have not been fitted for the duties and responsibilities of life. A majority of them, have but a very superficial knowledge of the studies they pursued in the schools, and to those solid acquirements which so highly adorn a woman, and without which she can not fulfil her true destiny, they are utter strangers.

Indeed, it is with me a question, whether most of the acquisitions which constitute a modern female education, are of any great utility—whether they do not produce a disrelish for useful knowledge. The highest object of many of this class of females, is to fit themselves to move in fashionable circles. As to any aims of usefulness, they have none. To qualify themselves for the weighty responsibilities of the mistress of the family, in the proper discharge of which an important part of a woman's usefulness consists, is not among the objects of their aspirations. Of the mission and true dignity of woman, they appear to have no just conception. Can we rationally hope that they will ever attain a station in life, above that of a bare respectability?

I would by no means speak disparagingly of school learning; but its utility consists mainly in its being usefully applied. It can not compensate for the want of general reading. A single year's use of a well-selected library, combined with the practice of the active duties of female life, is of vastly greater value than all that is embraced in a popular female education. Yet, how few young women avail themselves of these cheap

moral and intellectual improvements! How very small the number, comparatively, who devote a brief hour daily to mental culture! And what is the result of this delinquency? A large majority of the delinquents are intellectual dwarfs—mere blanks in society. If by accident they find themselves in a well-informed circle, they are dumb, or expose their ignorance by venturing to participate in the conversation. I say, if by *accident*; for we can hardly suppose they frequent such company from *choice*—preferring associates whose minds are as uncultivated and barren as their own.

The present is said to be an age of reform. Who will say, that reform in female education is not among the wants of the age? But where shall we begin, and by whom, and how shall it be accomplished? Evidently in the family, and by the parents. Every parent should be, and may be an efficient, practical educator. Mothers should endeavor to create in their daughters a taste for solid, useful reading. Most of the present reading matter in many families must be banished. So long as the fictitious publications of the day come into the hands of our young women, their moral and mental improvement is hoped for in vain. But as prevention is more easy and certain than cure, let parents see that this poisonous, *dissipating* literature is never permitted to enter their dwellings. Let suitable books be early placed in the hands of children, as a safeguard against this corrupting literature. Fortunately, while our country is flooded with worthless books, it abounds also with works adapted to the wants of children and youth. By a careful and wise selection of books and periodicals, a relish for solid information may be early created, and a foundation laid for eminent usefulness. But the subject amplifies with every moment's consideration, and can not be disposed of at the present sitting. It may be resumed on some future occasion.

C. E. D.

"OH! I WISH I WAS RICH."

LITTLE Meeta, thine are not the only lips that have let fall these words; but 'tis in vain. There are no fairies now-a-days to wave a magic wand over thee, or drop gold and pearls into thy lap. But, little one, dost not know thou hast riches, which the great and fortune-favored ones of earth do covet? Wealth may be theirs, but be assured their treasures have been "weighed in the balance, and found wanting." Thy riches will outweigh them all, for thou art rich in that which gold can not buy; youth, health, hope and love, and oh! above all, *trust* and *faith*.

That richly-dressed lady who just passed, whose gay attire won thy childish admiration, would joyfully exchange positions with thee, could she at the same time with her velvet robes, lay down her weary, pining heart, and take up instead, thy innocent, hopeful, joyous one; with its sweet faith and confidence in affection, and its deep trust in all things good, and true, and holy. No, no!—a velvet bodice is not always laced over a contented, happy heart, nor do diamonds always sparkle on brows serene and peaceful; many an anxious thought and heavy care lie concealed beneath.

The devotees at mammon's shrine, often find the fires they have kindled at the altar of vanity, have burned out, and left only "the ashes of their perished fancies." They have, mayhap, drank of the full cup of life, and found the chalice, which looked so sparkling and foaming at the brim, held bitter dregs at the bottom. Its enchantment is over, and they see life as it is.

And the time may come one day to thyself, little Meeta, when thou too wilt find that

"Gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;"

when thou wilt see the flowers fading thou didst pluck when thou first settest out on the walk of life; when

thou wilt see the buds of promise which were so bright and fair in the morn, drooping and fading ere noon; when thy young hopes, like the lark, soared fearlessly and joyously in the morning light, sit with folded wing and music hushed like the homeless dove, but bearing no olive branch as sign of peace; then wilt thou look back upon the gifts thou held, and wonder that ye were not content. But that ye need not experience poverty of the heart, even though the morning sun be clouded, though the flowers of youth may fade, and the gold grow dim, cultivate that heart's garden; plant therein amaranthine flowers of hope, and love, and truth, which never fade, but will gladden and perfume all thy life; "these choicely culled, and elegantly ranged, will bear 'transplanting to the skies.'"

And to form the store-house of truth, gather pearls of wisdom and diamond thought, wherewith to make a coronet to deck thy spirit's brow; thou wilt find thou hast riches that the breath of the world can not tarnish, and besides which the gold of Ophir becomes dim.

"VETA VERNON."

AUNT REE ENN AND THE CHILDREN.

"ALLIE! Allie! what is the matter, dear? What are you so sorry about?"

"Oh, aunt Ree Enn, I was leaning over the well-curb to see the shadow of my flowers, and I almost fell in; it scared me so I lost my flowers, and I know I can't find any more so pretty, so I can't help but cry."

"Run here, darling, and jump on my lap so, and I will tell you a true story about a little boy I saw in a railroad car. He seemed to be a poor boy, traveling alone, and his clothes were quite coarse and old; but he had a very pretty new cap that he seemed quite pleased with—taking

it off, looking it over, and then trying it on again, with a happy, satisfied air. By-and-by, while he had it on, he put his head out of the window, and the cars just then rushed by a large pile of wood which was too near the road, and a stick struck his pretty cap and tore it off. Do you think he cried for his pretty cap, which he would never see again? Oh, no! he looked very much terrified for a moment, and then clasping his head with his hands so, and looking at the other passengers, he said with energy, 'How good God was not to let it take my head off.' You see that little boy had the true spirit of thankfulness; he looked at the mercies he received, not at his losses. And when you think how good God was not to let *you* fall in the well, do you not feel very glad? I am sure *I* do too. There, now, take another kiss, and run off in the orchard and find more flowers."

* * * * *

"Oh, aunt Ree Enn! What a dull, lonesome place this is! I can't see any thing at all here but fields and woods."

"I suppose it seems lonely to you, dear Mattie, because you are used to living in the village, and this is not your home. Perhaps if you had always lived here, it would look as pleasant to you as it does to my little boy. One day he came to me, with his bright blue eyes dancing with pleasure, and said, 'Oh, ma! I've been looking around, and I do think this is the prettiest and best place in the world; for here the big trees shut out every thing but the two best things, and they are home and heaven. I can't see any thing but them;' and off he ran singing and shouting with glee."

To gain the highest stations, we are often compelled to walk over regions destitute of feeling and virtue. The palm is a native of the desert.

PARTING WORDS.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

Those parting words! they fell upon our
ears
Like the far sounding of a solemn knell;
And linger now as lingers in the vale,
The sweet-toned echoes of the vesper-bell.

Those parting words! they faded on our ears
As fade the sunset hues of parting day;
Yet linger in our hearts as still remains,
The holy presence of the twilight ray.

Those parting words! we clasp them to our
hearts,
As clasps a mother her beloved child;
Our memory to each precious sentence
clings,
As child to parent when the storm is wild.

Those parting words shall in our mem'ries
sound,
As sounds for miles Niag'ra's mighty roar,
And blend their cadence with the welcomes
sweet,
Which yet shall greet us from the heav-
enly shore.

Then sound the pæan song of triumph far,
For parting words shall yet in welcomes
end;
As morning moonlight, and the gleam of
stars,
Oft with Auroral brightness calmly blend.

THE BANKRUPT MERCHANT.

BY HELEN L. PARMELEE.

The cloud has burst, the storm has come,
And swept my house, but not my home;
Silver, and gold, and rank, and pride,
I smile to see them swell the tide!

My steeds are in another's stalls,
My marbles grace another's halls,
My pictured gems so rich and rare,
Have left my walls all cold and bare.

What care I for the empty room?
I leave it to its chill and gloom;
My household gods were never made
To live in sunshine — die in shade.

I pass along the crowded street,
Men turn aside who used to greet;
What care I for their altered mien?
I am what I have ever been.

A man — if not a millionaire —
A breather of the self-same air,
A dweller on the self-same sod,
A creature of the self-same God!

Turn with me down this narrow street,
No lordly mansion here we meet;
Yet proudly fling I back my door,
Bankrupt in wealth, I am not poor.

For here are household treasures three;
And clothed with sweet simplicity,
Comes she to greet, who yesterday
Could fling the gold like dust away.

Her broidered robes, her diamonds rare,
The setting, not the jewel were;
A new Cornelia, but to me
She is the gem of all the three.

From the sweet shelter of her breast,
My babe springs forth to be cared;
My fair-haired girl leans quietly
With timid clasp against my knee.

Well may I smile at scattered wealth;
Contentment, love, and hope, and health,
Are store enough to bless one hearth
With all the real wealth of earth.

And better than this home of love,
We seek a surer rest above;
Where shelt'ring wings around us cast,
Shall hide us from the stormy blast.

And what if one should press before,
And enter at the open door;
We will but trim our lamps anew,
And wait to greet the bridegroom too!

THE FAMILY.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

The family is like a book —
The children are the leaves;
The parents are the cover, that
Protection, beauty gives.

At first, the pages of the book
Are blank, and purely fair,
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust,
Oh, break it not; lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

As through the land at eve we went,
And plucked the ripened ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,
And kissed again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There, above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears.

FREEDOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

THE following sensible and much needed paragraph is from *Blackwood's Magazine*:

"A child of three years of age, with a book in its infant hands, is a fearful sight! It is too often the death-warrant, which the condemned stupidly looks at—fatal, yet beyond its comprehension. What should a child three years old be taught? Strong meats for weak digestions make not bodily strength. Let there be nursery tales and nursery rhymes told them. I would say to every parent, especially every mother, sing to your children, tell them pleasant stories; and if in the country, be not too careful lest they get a little dirt upon their hands and clothes; earth is very much akin to us all, and in children's out-of-door plays, soils them not inwardly.

"There is in it a kind of consanguinity between all creatures; by it we touch upon the common sympathy of our first substance, and beget a kindness for our poor relations, the brutes. Let children have a free open-air sport, and fear not, though they make acquaintances with the pigs, the cows, and the chickens—they may form worse friendships with the wiser-looking ones; encourage a familiarity with all who love to court them—dumb animals love children, and children love them. There is a language among them which the world's language obliterates in the elders. It is of more importance that you should make your children loving, than that you should make them wise, that is, book-wise. Above all things, make them loving; then will they be gentle and obedient; and, then also, parents, if you become old and poor, these will be better than friends that will never neglect you. Children brought up lovingly at your knees, will never shut their doors upon you, and point where they would have you go."

WOMAN AND FLOWERS.

THE editor of the *Louisville Journal* has a very readable article under this head, from which we cut the closing paragraph. It is full of the true poetry of natural and refined sentiments:

"Blessings on the heads of those who send flowery presents to those whose energies have been desolated by disease! Flowers impart not only fragrance and beauty to one's sick-room, but they absolutely light up the gloom that hangs around it like a dark curtain, and cause cheerfulness to take the place of heaviness and oppression of the heart. Often has our soul felt exceedingly grateful to these dear women who have considered our low estate, and sent flowers, fresh, fragrant, and beautiful, to cheer our invalidism. Could we strew their pathway through life with flowers, how eagerly would our hand perform the task! Had flowers no other office than to minister to the pleasures of the sick, that of itself would be reason sufficient why they should be cultivated. But when we remember that they are not only an ever pleasant joy to the eye, but are also true and genial teachers of moral truth and excellence, as well as tender prompters to the highest, as well as the most refined sentiments, we can perceive of how great importance it is that the hand and heart of woman's power is in her loveliness, and she ought to do every thing to encourage it. Her loveliness has broken the bondage in which many a sinful man was bound, and which had resisted persuasion and force through many a year. Let her increase her power by adding to her loveliness, and this she will not fail to do if she gives her heart up to a love of 'the beautiful poetry of earth.'"

SIR Thomas Overbury said of a man who boasted of his ancestry, that he was like a potato—the best thing belonging to him was under ground.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WHO DOES IT?

CIGARS AND BREAD.—New York spends daily \$10,000 for cigars, and \$8,500 for bread. It is not the expense of the necessities of life which makes so many people poor!

HERE are fifteen hundred dollars a day more for cigars than for the staff of life. Now, is it really *woman's* extravagance that turns the prosperity of the country to ruin? Do the women smoke these cigars? Does the half yard of silk which a few exquisites trail in the dust, or the laces they flaunt in the air, cost more than this enormity of twisted tobacco? Extravagance in dress is woman's one great folly. Men have a score of them, and are so wedded to their follies that they will bear very little to be said about them, while woman, with more frankness and more consciousness of right, joins in the cry against her own pet sins, which are bright-hued, and therefore conspicuous, and says when they are pointed out to her, "Why, to be sure, what fools we are!"

Pointed out to her! yes; by some little editor, who sits in his tobacco-fumed sanctum, with his eyes scarcely cleared from last night's orgies, and smokes real Havanas over his party-colored sheet, in order to whip up his broken-down nerves to their required task; and writes about woman's extravagance because it is the fashion, and he is in want of a paragraph. Now, all editors are not little editors, and they do not all write with their visions obscured by tobacco-smoke or something stronger; but one can not help thinking that those who rail most unreasonably at woman's extravagance, are very apt to do it somewhat after the fashion we have described. Let them rail. It is much like the railing of Shimei, and we may be profited thereby. This showy female folly is palpable enough, but it is also palpable that men talk more about these faults of women because they are less willing to talk about their own. If women did more of the writing, they would be less written about. The paragraphists must have something for their paragraphs. The political economist must find some cause for all the evils that exist. And they have serious objections to as-

sailing their own darling foibles, so they assail ours; well knowing that women are little addicted to defending themselves with the pen, and still less with the cow-hide. Where do women have their club-rooms? Where do they drink their claret and champagne? Where do they take those late oyster suppers that induce dyspepsia, and ruin the general national health? Is it woman alone whose foolish dress and careless habits with regard to health is destroying the physical comfort of the children, and making pigmys of the race? Do not these indulgences of the stronger sex descend also as an evil inheritance to their children? Dear brethren, do try to lift a little of the beam out of your own eyes, before you go quite distracted over the moles in ours.

GETTING UP CLUBS.—We are glad to see that so many of our subscribers are getting up clubs, and adding other names to their own in the localities where they live. Why can not all do this? It requires but little effort, and adds a pleasant circle among their neighbors to our HOME family.

COMPETITORS FOR PREMIUMS.—Are you going to let them slip out of your hands without an effort? Here are fine premiums that somebody must win, and the number of competitors is remarkably small compared with last year—indeed we believe there is yet only *one* that can be called a *competitor*. They are certainly worth trying for, and this year when there are so many who find little to do, we should suppose the number who seek these premiums would be increased instead of diminished. We think some may have been discouraged by the supposed number of those who will compete for them; but we have never offered so valuable premiums as this year, and there certainly never were better chances for the success of competitors.

OUR PREMIUMS.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.—A sewing machine in every household would lighten the mother's cares beyond comparison, and we believe it is acknowledged on all hands that the low-priced ones are neither the cheapest nor the best. Wheeler & Wilson's is deservedly popular, and, as far as we know, has carried off the palm among those offered to the public.

PRINCE & CO'S MELODEONS.—These are furnished in various shapes, sizes, and prices to the lovers of melody. They are a great desideratum, filling a place where there was before a great lack—in those families who could ill afford the higher priced pianos, and who yet felt that an instrument of music was a source of much happiness in the household. Peculiarly appropriate as they are for sacred music, they are also much used for Sabbath schools and all smaller assemblages where music is required. Indeed one needs but a glance at Prince & Co's melodeon factory, which at this moment looms broad and high before our library windows, to know how great a demand has been created for these instruments.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

M. D. C.—We acceded to your request.

M. L. M.—Your contributions are on file for the next number. Thank you.

Dr. P....—Your composition is too much like the talk of Flora Casby. You have enough to say apparently, but one gets utterly bewildered in the effort to know what is the subject of any particular paragraph. Untangle your remarks, and we may be glad to hear from you.

"C. S. B."—Your communications are crowded out of this number. They will find room next month.

S.—We have attempted to read your poetry, and it has driven us nearly distracted. It is so much like a charivari.

"H. C. E."—Your contribution is welcome, and we shall find room for it as soon as possible.

H.—The CASKET is no longer under our

care. We have resigned in favor of Mark Forrester. Allow us to introduce you to the readers of THE HOME.

Glad to hear from Bella again.

"C. M. S."—Accepted.

Various other communications have been received, which will claim attention as soon as possible. We trust our correspondents will be patient; we intend to do justice to all, but our pen does n't *go by telegraph*, and can only get over a given space in a given time. Send us good contributions—facts. Don't bury your talents in a napkin, or think that every one knows all that experience has taught you.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS SAY OF US.

One lady who sends us a club from a western state, says: "Owing to the hard times it is almost impossible to get subscribers. Yet there are a 'chosen few,' who feel as if they could not expend one dollar in a better cause than to take your priceless magazine; read it themselves, and then cordially invite their neighbors and friends to partake of its goodness. I sent my mother the Jan. number which she read and then sent forth on a mission among friends and strangers. Who knows but that will be an introduction to many names upon your list, and many happy faces around *our one great fireside*." Another says:

"Having a little quiet leisure this evening while my six little ones are sleeping, and I am waiting for 'my darling' to return from his weary day's marketing some of the produce of the farm, bee-house, and dairy, I will venture to visit you, (on paper,) to thank you for the pleasure and profit you have given us and many of our friends during the past twenty months by your judicious course in editing 'THE HOME.' All our acquaintances that take it speak highly of it, and my husband says it is *decidedly* the best family monthly he ever saw, and he has inspected most of the popular periodicals of the day."

And another western friend says: "I

shall send some more subscribers soon — not with any thought of a premium, but from my great desire to see your good work extended in the west."

Another, upon whose judgment we place a high estimate, says: "I should like to assist in circulating *"THE HOME,"* as I regard it without exception as the 'best of its kind' in the country."

And Mrs. Sigourney, in a kind letter recently received from her, says: "Indeed you have made an excellent book. I speak advisedly. Rejecting the trash, the aimless stories and mawkish fashion plates, which disgrace and degrade so many serials, you have steadily kept in view the duties and happiness of woman in her true sphere. For this I honor and praise you. It is pure patriotism."

We might copy much more of this kind from our private letters, but we ask pardon of our friends for having used them thus far. Those we have selected are from persons whose opinions are of the most undoubted worth.

The *Commercial* of this city notices our last number, saying that it has been accustomed to notice us from month to month, commending our neat appearance, but never looking within. Did they suppose a "*HOME*" could exist outside of the house? Now they have got the door open we hope they will look in often.

RECIPES. FOR THE FRUGAL.

BEEF HASHED.—Take the bones of the joint to be hashed, and break them small; stew them in very little water, with a bunch of sweet herbs and a few onions; roll a lump of butter in flour; brown it in a stew-pan; pour the gravy over it, and add the meat to be hashed; cut the onions in thin slices; a carrot also, and a little parsley shred finely; stew gently until the meat is hot through, and serve.

MARROW BONES.—Saw them into convenient sizes; cover the ends with a little dough made of flour and water, and tie in a floured cloth; boil them an hour and a half; serve on a napkin with dry toast.

CALF'S LIVER.—*A new way.*—Lay the liver in vinegar for twelve hours—it will render it firm; dip it in cold spring water and wipe it dry; cut it in even slices; sprinkle sweet herbs crumbled finely over it; add pepper and salt, and dredge with flour; fry in boiling lard; remove the liver when a nice brown; pour away a portion of the fat, and pour in a cupful of water, with a lump of butter well rubbed in flour, in which a spoonful of vinegar or cayenne, or lemon juice has been stirred; boil it up, keeping it stirred all the while, and serve the liver up in it; thin slices of hot bacon fried should be sent to table with it.

RED HERRING.—When they have laid in water some time, soak them in milk for two hours; then split them down the back; have ready some melted butter in which has been mixed the yolk of two eggs, pepper, and nutmeg; rub the herrings well with this bread, then broil them over a gentle fire.

RED SUGAR BEET PIE.—Pies made of the red sugar beet are said to be delicious, somewhat resembling rhubarb in flavor, though more rich and substantial. It is served with vinegar, or spices, to suit the palate. The root may be used without boiling, if chopped fine; prepare the crust; bake as you would a green apple pie. In winter soak the beets over night before using.

BOOK NOTICES.

LUCY HOWARD'S JOURNAL. New York: HARPER & BROTHERS.

This new work from the ever-busy pen of Mrs. Sigourney, we have perused with unusual interest. It is a quiet picture of domestic life, such as can not fail to charm and benefit those who read it. No one can fail to be better, from the knowledge of such women as Lucy Howard and her mother. We are not greatly given to "melting moods," but we had rejoiced with the young mother in her thankfulness

"For a woman's crown of glory.
For the blessing of a child,"

and we could not but weep with her in her bitterness, over the new grave in the wilderness. In speaking of her child, Lucy says:

"She could not sleep the first night for watching him." How many a mother has thus watched, when an immortal spirit first folded its wings upon her bosom. Lucy Howard and her mother, are each models of the domestic virtues, and the work, coming as it does from one of the most revered writers in America, will be read and welcomed everywhere.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY; Terms, \$3.00 per annum. PHILIPS, SAMPSON & Co., Publishers, Boston.

The third number of this new tenant of our literary affections has come to us; and we find it as it has hitherto been, replete with the spirit of Oriental America. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," (who, by the way, is *autocratic* enough,) says in this number, that the *Atlantic* is not so called because it is "*a notion*." Now we've a notion that it is an ocean, whether it took its name from this fact or not. Fair ships sail over it, and we are all obliged to them for hoisting the American flag in those seas of literature, where so many piratical crafts are sailing under other colors. They sail over depths too, that we western people sometimes haven't lead and line enough to fathom — perhaps the cable "pays out" differently where there is an oriental atmosphere above the water. Who but a seaman could write "TACKLING SHIP OFF SHORE?" In fact, who but a seaman can read it? What do we know about "FULL AND BY," and "FULL FOR STAYS?" It is all heathen greek to us. The poem is a splendid thing, however, when one does understand it, and will well repay the effort.

"No time to spare! It is touch and go,
And the captain growls, 'DOWN HELM! HARD
DOWN!'
As my weight on the whirling spokes I throw,
While heaven grows black with the storm-cloud's
frown.

"High o'er the knight-heads flies the spray,
As we meet the shock of the plunging sea;
And my shoulder stiff to the wheel I lay,
As I answer, 'AYE, AYE, SIR! HA-A-R-D A-LEE!'"

Do n't you see the whole *life* of the helmsman stiffened against the spokes of the wheel?

"With the swerving leap of a startled steed,
The ship flies fast in the eye of the wind."

Of course it does — it is alive and terrified
And then when the tack is made,

"What matters the reef, or the rain, or the squall?
I steady the helm for the open sea;
The first mate clamors, 'BELAY THERE, ALL!'
And the captain's breath once more comes free."

But we don't intend to quote the poem. The Monthly is a necessity to all who wish to know what American literature is doing, and it will take a more than Mrs. Partington's broom and mop to "sweep out the *Atlantic*."

MOORE'S RURAL NEW YORKER: \$2.00 per year. D. D. T. MOORE, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

We are indigenously a friend to an agricultural paper, for they are particularly fitted, not only for all tillers of the earth, but for all dwellers upon it. We are the better in all departments of life, for being fully acquainted with the proceedings of dame Nature. And, among the papers of this class, with which the country is supplied, *Moore's Rural New Yorker* enjoys a well-earned popularity. It is handsomely illustrated and filled with well-culled articles, and can not fail to be a messenger of usefulness wherever it goes.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN: Published at Albany, N. Y., by LUTHER TUCKER & SON. Terms, \$2.00 per annum.

We have never seen more than three or four numbers of this paper, but judging from those which have come under our eye, we should consider it as maintaining a high stand among the class of papers to which it belongs. The last number says: "To extend a knowledge of such improvements, as the best farmers of the present day are making money by, to further their more general introduction, and aid in eliciting new modes and means — to prevent imposition by humbugs — to show wherein *common, every-day labors* are to be lightened, and how they may be most usefully directed, — with at the same time a view to rendering home enjoyable and beautiful — to this mission in brief have we dedicated the COUNTRY GENTLEMAN."

THE OHIO FARMER: THOMAS BROWN, Publisher, Cleveland, Ohio. \$2.00 per year.

This is an agricultural paper dating somewhat further west; being published at Cleveland, Ohio; but it is ably conducted, and has the best corps of contributors, of any paper of its kind that we know.